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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIII No. 1994 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 9 1938

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EASTER *and the* WAIFS

4,700
BABIES, CRIPPLES, BOYS AND GIRLS NOW IN OUR CARE

Help us to bring the true joy of Easter to some of those many children who know it only as a holiday and not a happy one at that.

Easter Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary.

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

OLD TOWN HALL KENNINGTON, S.E. 11

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Celebrated Author writes:

"I am certain that when people realise that The Royal Cancer Hospital is in such constant need of money to carry on its great work both as a FREE hospital and as a centre of Research into the origins of this terrible disease, they will instantly come to your support. Your Hospital, day and night, by every possible means, is fighting Cancer, and it is unthinkable that we should not come to your assistance and GIVE SOMETHING AT ONCE."

4 NEW WARDS REQUIRED

To cope with the ever-increasing work, the Committee have decided to build another four wards. At present many urgent cases are clamouring for admission and these cannot be accepted, so that further extensions are an imperative need.

Please send a SPECIAL EASTER GIFT to the Treasurer

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3

THINKING OF OTHERS

THE N.S.P.C.C.

Amongst the various philanthropic organisations of our land the N.S.P.C.C. to-da occupies a place of honour as the champion of the nation's oppressed childre That there should be any necessity for such an agency is regrettable indeed, but whil human nature remains what it is, it is possible for many children to suffer. To dea with this evil wisely and effectively, rather than in a merely punitive direction, is th constant aim of the N.S.P.C.C. The Society exerts a vast influence in securing prope treatment for children. It defends their rights, redresses evils, and ensures fair pla for those whose present happiness and future well-being are menaced by brutal an ignorant parents or guardians; 270 "children's men" are at work throughou England, Wales, and Ireland. The local "children's man" goes about in his ow district seeking to prevent injury and cruelty to children. Only in extreme cases doe he go to the lengths of recommending prosecution. In most cases he steps in with a kindly word of advice. Since the Society's formation fifty-four years ago, nearl 5,000,000 children have been helped. The Director, Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., will b grateful of gifts for the work, which should be sent to him at the Society's hea offices, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

* * *

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

There are 8,200 boys and girls and babies to support in Dr. Barnardo's Home which have remained true to their charter, that no destitute child should b refused admission. Fresh arrivals in the Homes average five a day throughout th year, all of whom need feeding, clothing, teaching, and training. Many of thos who enter the Homes are sick and ill, some are sadly crippled, but they are all helpe to grow strong and well in the happy atmosphere of Dr. Barnardo's many Homes. At Babies' Castle the tiny toddlers are cared for till they are old enough to b transferred to another branch. The Girls' Village Home educates and train 1,500 girls for useful work. The boys learn trades at the William Baker Technica School, or prepare for the Royal Navy at Watts Naval Training School, or th Mercantile Marine at Russell-Cotes Nautical School. Many of the young peopl have emigrated to the Dominions where 98 per cent. have made good. At this Easte time gifts are urgently needed; a gift of 10s. will feed a child for a fortnight whil £5 will feed ten children for a fortnight. Gifts should be addressed to Dr. Barnardo' Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

* * *

WATFORD ORPHAN SCHOOLS

The London Orphan School and the Royal British Orphan School, Watford, wa founded as far back as 1813 for the benefit of fatherless boys and girls of th necessitous middle class. Since that date 11,664 children, representing all professions and callings, have been received from all parts of the British Empire, but principall from London and the surrounding counties. The boys and girls are given a secondar boarding-school education, and are fed and clothed. Suitable posts are, as far as possible, found for the boys and girls when they leave, and an outfit is also grante to each so that they start out as they would have done had their fathers been alive The cost for general expenses is £30,000 per annum, and towards this only £5,000 available from investments. The school is doing a really national work. One of th most pleasing results of what is done for the boys and girls at Watford is their suppor of their old school after they leave. Their generosity is most encouraging. Further particulars as to the school will gladly be sent on application to the secretary, Mr Henry Eastwood, 15, St. Helen's Place, E.C.3.

* * *

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

We are apt to forget the Merchant Seaman though in daily life, directly or indirectly we rely upon him for the necessities of life. In many home and overseas ports, our men of the sea are reminded that the homeland remembers them through the Hostels and Institutions of the British Sailors' Society. At these "Home-from Homes," a cheery welcome awaits them and everything possible done for their welfare Every year, some 1,250,000 visits are made by seamen and 200,000 beds occupied. At Home, too, the Society is active on seamen's behalf. More than 25,000 seafarers widows, dependents, and orphans are assisted annually. At the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel for Boys, orphan sons of sailors are trained free of charge. "The Sailors' Palace" in London's dockland is a bright spot for many seamen during their stay ashore. A scheme is now afoot for the completion of this building, the Society's headquarters, for which £20,000 is needed. The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, will welcome help for the maintenance and extension of this great spiritual and social work, and gifts sent to him at 680, Commercial Road, London, E. 14, will be gratefully acknowledged, while full information will gladly be given by the General Secretary, Mr. Herbert E. Barker.

1,200

poor boys and girls are in the Society's care. Will you help to maintain and train this large family?

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(FOUNDED 1843)

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

Charities that Deserve Your Support this Easter

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Within the octave of Easter this year, falls the ninety-fifth anniversary of the founding of that old established society The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship. Since its inception on St. George's Day, 1843, it has been helping homeless, destitute, orphaned and other poor children, bringing hope into often hopeless lives, and providing them with a home in deed as well as name. No fewer than 34,169 boys and girls have gone forth into the world, fitted to take up the tasks which lie ahead of them. Some boys go into the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy, after training in the *Arethusa*, others enter civil employment, while the girls are trained for domestic service. The Society regularly receives letters of appreciation from Old Boys saying that they owe their present positions to their early life spent in the *Arethusa*. At the present moment 1,200 children are in the Society's care, and donations and legacies are urgently needed for their support. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

* * *

THE ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

Anything that can be done to forward the efforts now being made by The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, to give hope to those afflicted by providing treatment and a possible cure is surely more than worth while. To those who have intimate knowledge of the suffering and despair caused by the disease it must appear nothing short of a tragedy that the beneficent work of those engaged in dealing with it should be hampered through lack of the necessary funds to enable them to carry on. At the present moment the committee of The Royal Cancer Hospital are faced with the urgent necessity of extending the Research Institute, modernising the wards, some of which date back to 1851 when the hospital was founded, and providing more accommodation for nurses. These extensions will cost £150,000. It is difficult to see where the money is coming from, particularly as the present income is insufficient to pay for the free treatment of patients. We commend this urgent appeal to the generosity of our readers, and would ask them to support this most important work to their utmost extent.

* * *

THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

During 1937 more than a thousand needy children were received by the Society, and many of them have never known a happy home before. The Society's present family is 4,700 babies, cripples, boys and girls. On an average, three new children come into the Society's Homes every day. From babyhood to manhood they are cared for. The Homes are small and are *real* homes, and every child is given individual care. The Society also has Hospitals where crippled children can be made strong and well, and Vocational Training Homes where both boys and girls are taught to earn their own living before going out into the world. This large family, the second largest in the kingdom, is not herded together but is scattered up and down England and Wales in small homes. The children go out to school and church like ordinary children and live as uninstitutional a life as possible. Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.M. Queen Mary are patrons of the Society, and its headquarters are at the Old Town Hall, Kennington. Please give as generously as you can for the many needs of these small children.

* * *

THE SILVER LADY FUND

Some years have elapsed since a young lady—appalled at the distressing sights to be seen nightly in one of our most famous thoroughfares—the Thames Embankment—decided to use her endeavours in some way to mitigate the hard lot of London's "down-and-outs." Miss Betty Baxter, the Silver Lady, commenced her campaign by driving nightly to Charing Cross. Here she would round up the "dossers," and at the neighbouring coffee stall provide them with a free meal and a gift of silver to purchase a night's shelter. Can we wonder that the name of the Silver Lady is one to conjure with in the underworld of London? Her offices are at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4, and if you would help kindly send to her there, as she does not employ collectors of any kind.

* * *

THE SALVATION ARMY

The Salvation Army is probably one of the strongest unofficial bodies working in the sphere of Empire building and unity. Its beneficent activities cover practically all the Dominions and Colonies, and its ever-open door is available to the poor and distressed everywhere. Its endeavours, covering all phases of human need, from pre-natal clinics to havens for the indigent aged, merit the support of all who have the best interests of the Empire and its peoples at heart. Every moment of the day and night year in year out the helping hand of the Salvation Army is outstretched for the benefit of humanity. Will you help, too, by sending a donation to the headquarters of this great organisation at 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

WHAT CAN YOU AFFORD TO SEND?

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

appeal for EASTER offerings towards the maintenance of their **8,200** children.

AN EASTER EGG
will be very acceptable.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION
(FOUNDED 1839)

For the relief of distress amongst disabled and aged Members of all sections of the distributing side of the News Trade, their widows and dependent children.

£8,000 is distributed annually in Pensions, Temporary Aid and other forms of assistance.

Please send an EASTER GIFT to The Secretary, 15/16, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

LOST HORIZONS

Sighting that long-looked-for streak of land, a foreign port of call, the seaman's heart gladdens with anticipation . . . he knows that "a bit of Old England" awaits him through The British Sailors' Society. Its Institutes and Hostels in world ports are means of happiness to thousands of seamen . . . but this great friendly service needs financial support. Will you help?
Gifts will be welcomed by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.)

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

One in a Million

Will you give just one of the million half-crowns needed annually by the N.S.P.C.C. to protect children against cruelty and neglect?

Donations welcomed by W. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.

★ **Please listen-in to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bristol on EASTER SUNDAY, 8.45 p.m. in the National Programme.**

ONE MILLION HALF CROWNS Needed Every Year

N·S·P·C·C

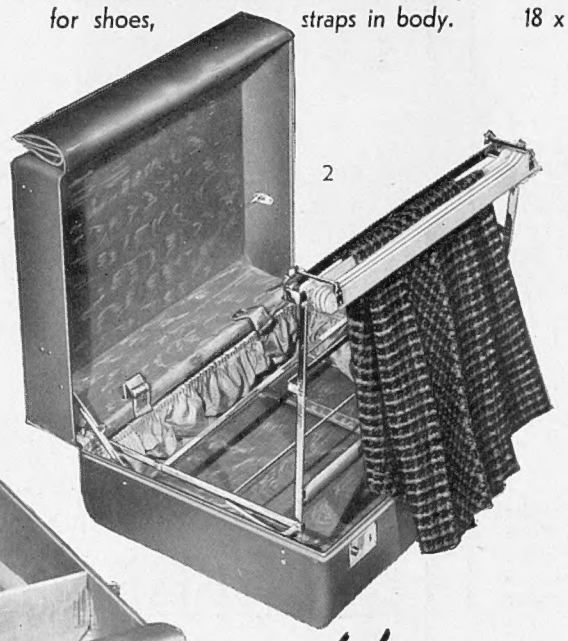
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

*

LIGHT LUGGAGE FOR MILADY

This luggage, with smart fawn fabric covering, has come direct to Harrods from the British Industries Fair. Extremely light, very strong, lined throughout in Moiré Rayon to tone.

1. ***Pullman Wardrobe***—fitted four hangers, with generous space for accessories. Good lever locks. 29 x 20 x 9 ins. **£5 . 5 . 0**
2. ***"Packswell" Wardrobe Case,*** ingenious fitting in lid packs six to eight frocks. Ample room in body for lingerie, shoes, etc. 22 x 18 x 9 ins. **£4 . 4 . 0**
3. ***Hat and Blouse Case*** to match. Drawn pockets in each corner for shoes, straps in body. 18 x 16 x 12 ins. **£2 . 17 . 6**



These designs are also obtainable in brown and grey striped fabric, or in Rawhide

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Regd. Trade Mark.

FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR.
IT PROMOTES THE GROWTH, GIVES LIFE AND LUSTRE, AND LONG DELAYS BALDNESS.

3/6, 7/-, and 10/6
from Chemists, Stores & Hairdressers.

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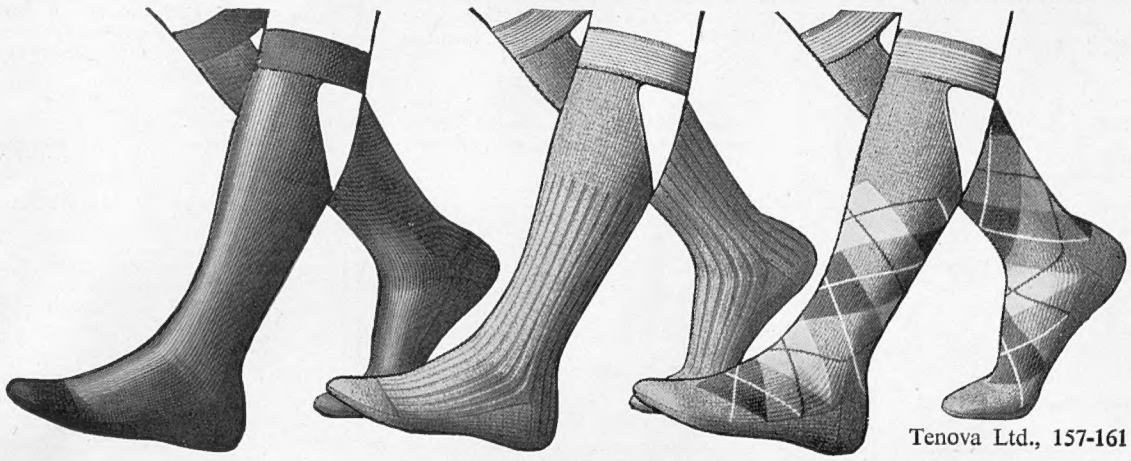
The Perfect Aperitif

72/- per doz. bottles, carriage paid.
Sample bottle, post free. 6/-
If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to—
Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, Scotland

TENOVA SOCKS stay up



The ultimate stage of sock evolution, Tenova socks are sock and suspender all in one piece. They need no adjustment, no attention. The band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, keeps them always comfortably up. And naturally, when the socks go to the laundry, the band goes too. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. For evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974

Tenova Ltd., **157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424**

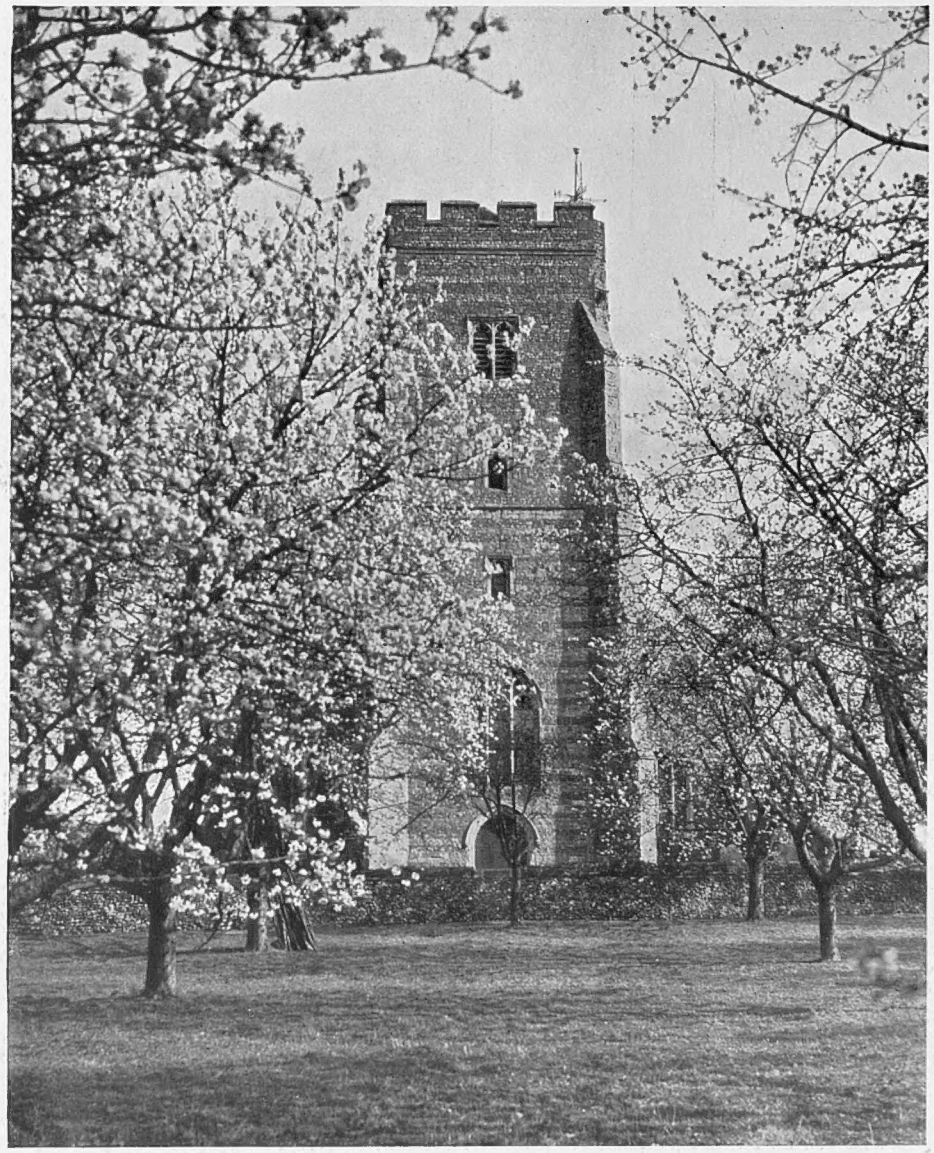
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 9, 1938

THE FLIGHT FROM SPAIN

Civilian Refugees in the French Frontier Town of Luchon after Escaping from the Catalonian War Zone

It is a far cry from July, 1936, when the tide of revolt swept through Spain, and class war, made hideous by atrocities, convulsed the peninsula. This week, after twenty months of bitter conflict, clear-cut victory loomed ahead for General Franco as his men, like Sherman's in the American Civil War, thrust forward to the sea, their object being to cut off Barcelona from Valencia and sap still further the vitality of Governmental Spain. Meanwhile, with the position steadily deteriorating, combatants and non-combatants from Catalonia were pouring over the Pyrenean passes into France, a melancholy and seemingly unending procession, whose privations in the snow-bound mountains where hunger and cold took toll, were by all accounts severe. Quite a few died by the wayside, but the majority, numbering perhaps 7,000, somehow found their way down into Luchon, there to be received by the French authorities who gave them aid in various camps set up for the purpose. Those among the refugees who were soldiers were allowed the opportunity of going to whichever side of the Spanish lines they chose. Most chose Catalonia

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



"WHEN APRIL TOSSES BOUNTY": Cherry, pear, and plum blossom have transformed the orchards of Kent into a veritable fairyland of unusual splendour owing to the prolonged spell of fine weather. This view was taken in an orchard abutting on the fine flint-built church of Newington

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, April 6, 1938.

THE DUCE'S SABRE RATTLES.

—The new Marshal of the Empire of Italy last week rattled his sabre and twirled his baton. His braggadocio is no new manifestation, and in every country it is customary for War Ministers to blow the trumpets of their armed forces in order to screw up the courage and goodwill of those who must foot the bill. Mr. Chamberlain did it as to the manner born. The Duce's technique is not faultless. With these admissions, it may be said broadly that his junker speech did not make sense. His army—experienced as none other in post-war fighting, he declared—could mobilise 9,000,000 men. He has the world's first submarine fleet and a vast naval tonnage and stored oil to burn. His air force is second to none—these are commonplace trumpet calls. But when he went on to say: "We are intending to prepare men and means for a very rapid campaign" and used other such expressions indicating preparation for a great offensive, he appeared to leave behind him the realms of sanity (or what is called sanity to-day). It was an embarrassing speech for Mr. Chamberlain to read in the middle of appeasement talks. It was embarrassing also for Hitler to read. It could hardly fail to disturb France. Who is the enemy? Whom does Italy propose to destroy with her armies? Alternatively, who menaces the Italian Empire and her interests to an extent so serious and urgent as to demand armed resistance "by the best means of defence which is attack"? Most of Europe must to-day be scratching heads to elucidate the threats and boasting of this extraordinary man.

FRANCE AND NATIONAL UNITY.

—The French nation, almost to a man, feels the supreme importance of friendship with Britain and a solid front against the terrors which beset her and us. Without us she is lost. Without her Britain becomes doubly vulnerable. But can France be surprised if many in Britain are beginning to wonder if the other partner in the vital entente is equitably sharing the burdens which to-day demand before all the dropping of party, petty, and self interests. Our constitution is very old and little changed even since 1911. The French constitution is still young, hardly seventy years old, though indeed that is a great age for a French constitution. During the course of it the average length of a French Government's life has been little more than three months! This extraordinary fact clearly proves that the French constitution fails to serve the needs of the present days of danger and should be scrapped and replaced by one more allied to our own and to the best interests of democratic government. That our entente with France should be first and foremost one of moral determination and unity of purpose, recognisable in the solidity of our governments and the solidarity of their policy and peoples, grows more and more clear. Permanence and solidarity achieved, the rest (military precautions and economic policy) will follow swiftly. In temperament the British and French nations must ever be divided—that is a regrettable but inevitable obstacle in the way of a perfect understanding; but until France can achieve by common national sacrifices and goodwill, and if necessary by alterations in her constitution, some permanence and security in her administration, and some outward show of national unity, more and more men of goodwill in Britain will come to the view that we are bearing too heavy a share of the common burden.

FOREIGN POLICY—AN ESSENTIAL STEP.

—Lord Ponsonby, in the Lords' debate on foreign policy, put clearly a point of view from which few but diehards like Sir H. Page Croft and Mr. Amery can dissent—that the first and the most vital step in the Government's newly declared policy of firmness and appeasement, is to prepare in advance a constructive scheme which may meet half way the claims of the Have-nots to a share in the world's undeveloped resources. If and when the Colonial claim comes up again, what nation is more urgently called on to meet it half way than one which owns a third of the world's resources? Time after time we have been caught empty handed. Time and again, as Germany has taken what she considered her just dues, as clause by clause she has torn up the treaties, the Democracies have faced her weaponless, having in hand no alternatives which would justify the world in condemning to the point of resistance the Führer's arbitrary methods, nothing which the world could declare required that Hitler should hold his hand until he had examined a reasonably constitutional and peaceful method of settlement. His own prestige may well compel Hitler to put those Colonial claims strenuously forward again quite soon, even if his personal desire might be to rest longer on his laurels. If he does so and the Democracies have in hand no basis for a peaceful conference, then their statesmanship will be condemned by Europe to-day and by posterity. I believe that many of that way of thinking favour something on the lines suggested recently by Sir Claud Russell, and since any reasonable basis of argument will serve, and no better proposal has yet been made, the Russell idea may very well be further explored.

FRANCO ADVANCES.

—Franco has made enormous progress towards Tarragona, the occupation of which will finally sever communications between Barcelona and Valencia by land. North of the Ebro Republican resistance collapsed suddenly and it remains to be seen if it can be revived. The mass murders from the air on Barcelona produced two results—terror and ineradicable hatred; and for the moment panic sapped resolution more quickly than hatred stiffened it. But the hatred of Catalonia remains. If that last frightfulness of war may appear to Franco to have justified itself in breaking down resistance by panic, it will be long before he can assert that it justified itself in the success of the larger plan, the rescue and resettlement of a nationalist Spain. Franco is said to be a man of large heart and high ideals, a man not given to meanness, cruelty, victimisation, or petty revenge; a strong, calm, and in the main, a just and humane man. The bombing of Barcelona remains to be explained. Its results remain to be overcome. It is inevitable, if Franco succeeds, that the task of appeasement and resettlement must be made much harder by the supreme barbarities committed in Franco's name. For a generation Catalan mothers will stimulate their menfolk to continue the vendetta of revenge:—

"Think that thy babes were fairer
than they were,
And he who slew them, fouler
than he is . . ."

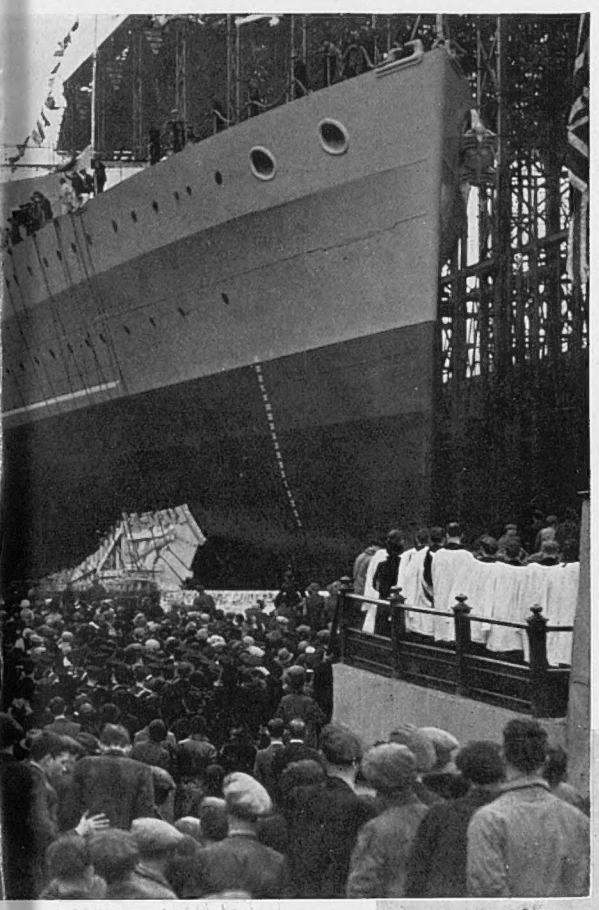
At the moment of writing it is reported that Franco's men have actually reached the sea-coast at some point between the two great Republican cities which, if those reports prove true and the gains be consolidated, will henceforth have no communication with each other save by sea and air. It does indeed seem likely that the civil war in Spain is entering on a new, if not a final, lap. New or final, it will bring in its train new problems for Lord Plymouth's Committee and for Europe.

LAUNCH OF A SUPER SOUTHAMPTON CLASS CRUISER AT WALLSEND-ON-TYNE: Unusual interest attaches to H.M.S. *Eainburgh*, which to the water a few days ago, as she is, generally speaking, of the Southampton class but has been given nearly 1,000 tons increased displaceme Most of this addition is devoted to protection. The naming ceremo was performed by Lady Gumley, wife of the Lord Provost of Edinbur

MR. JUSTICE ASQUITH.

Sir Cyril Asquith the other day became the youngest K.B. judge. He is forty-eight and succeeds Lord Porter, who at sixty-one is the youngest Lord of Appeal. The fourth son of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith by his first wife, he went to Winchester and Balliol in the family tradition, and in the same tradition took double "firsts" and the Hertford and the Ireland. He was made a Fellow of Magdalen. He was called to the Bar only eighteen years ago, at the age of thirty, and took silk less than two years ago. He specialised in Constitutional law and had a

good practice in Privy Council cases. He is also an expert on Trades Union law. He married a daughter of Sir A. Pollock, a solicitor who became City Chamberlain many years ago. He wrote, with Mr. Spender, the life of his great father, and now occupies a position which his father might well have occupied on the road to the Lord Chief Justiceship, if the call of politics had not come urgently at the moment when it did come. Perhaps there were times when Lord Oxford regretted that he listened to that call. He knew (none better) how bitter a battlefield politics can prove. Of Lord Oxford's other talented sons, the eldest and most brilliant was killed in the war and his son succeeded his grandfather; the second, Herbert, is a poet and novelist; the third, Arthur, a director of the Westminster Bank and many important companies, and the fifth son (by Margot Countess of Oxford) is a notable in the field of film direction. His daughters, by his first and second marriages are sufficiently well known as Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and Princess Antoine Bibesco. They supply a rare record of talent or ability in a single family, at once consistent and covering many fields.



HUMANITY IN OUR TIME.

—Corporal punishment is likely to go. A unanimous recommendation by a sensible committee representing all views except that of sentimentalists has pronounced for total abolition (except in one special case of prison assault on warders). Its investigations killed a cherished belief on which many of us justified the use as a deterrent in certain crimes of violence—the belief that flogging killed garrotting. Apparently it never did so. Garrotting "went out of fashion" before the Flogging Acts of '62 and '63. And the worst white slave horrors were cured by international police vigilance and not by flogging sanctions. Accepting these assertions, we are invited to accept it that even when public school boys are sufficiently brutalised to plot and execute a plan to smash in the head of a jeweller and rob him, flogging is an ineffective punishment for them, even if it meet the crime. Seven years in a modern prison *may* give them a chance to reform; the memory of the humiliation of flogging will sear their souls and anchor them in the underworld. Some accept these assurances; some do not. It will be interesting for all (but victims of violence) to see whether crimes of violence increase if flogging is abolished. It is at least pleasant to observe that we in Britain advance towards humanity. We live in an oasis, as we often say. Across Europe, cruelty, lust, rapine, injustice, stalk and prey. Here in Britain we have time to consider calmly humane reforms. We live in an oasis and continue to hope that the green space will expand and not be seared and ploughed up with bombs and shells.

THE OLD REGIME.

—Sometimes when, in the character of an "Old Stager," I have deplored in print what we in England (meaning broadly those who were in, or on the fringe of, a once privileged class) have lost in the way of amenities, traditions, privileges, and the graces and beauties and peace of our heritage, I have felt a slight disquiet; and afterwards, if I have ever re-read my writings, I have positively blushed for very shame. For instantly a picture has formed in my mind of what people in less happy countries have suffered since the war. Many of these—whole classes and dynasties, no doubt had "only themselves to thank" for much of their martyrdom, a truth which makes the martyrdom more rather than less bitter. In that long category of martyrs and outcasts, disinherited, homeless, nameless, bereft of all that made life formerly endurable stand the Russian royal house and nobility, many of whom with commendable courage and humour have used their natural gifts to rebuild their lives and to make themselves independent of charity and pity. And next, the old and middle-aged of the upper classes in Germany, whose roots were fixed firmly in the Germany of the pre-war era, and whose minds were not sufficiently elastic to embrace the march and triumph of youth and nationalism in Nazi Germany. And next the Jews, who have so long suffered the extreme of persecution under Nazi rule, and will continue to suffer. . . . And the martyrs to religion and the Catholic faith in particular. Not to mention the victims of the desecration of China and of her shattered trade; of the civil war in Spain; of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. Before we come down to the latest victims the list of martyrs seems to reach uncountable figures. It is fair to say that upon a large part of the inhabitants of the civilised and Christian world, their roof has fallen in, their foundations have been destroyed and they are thrown upon an unfriendly world or upon a world sympathetic but powerless to help them, to build again without tools and without materials a shelter for their families and a reason for existing. The last to suffer are those Austrians to whom merger into the Nazi regime always meant the end of all that made life worth living and took from life even a remote chance of security. Some of them, nurtured in the graces of old Austria, whose culture and gaiety and wistful melancholy seasoned the salt of life, pass into the darkness with a shrug of the shoulders. Others, whose natures were more resolute, less restrained or more morbid, preferred to die by their own hand than to accept the intolerable (and of these last how many—we shall never know—found the path to self-destruction smoothed by the offices of the secret police?) When for so large a proportion of our counterparts in the nations of the civilised and Christian world, the very foundations of life have been shattered past rebuilding, we should hesitate (if we have any regard to justice, sense of proportion, sense of humour) to lament too stridently, too tragically, too openly, and too often, the loss of amenities and privileges which the progress of an imperfectly organised democracy and the needs of re-armament bring in their train in this favoured land.

RE-PEOPLING AUSTRALIA.

—Mr. Lyons recently announced an early beginning of carefully controlled emigration from the old country into Australia. It is welcome, though it cannot much affect our unemployment and surplus population problems in our time. Always the quality of the "exports" is the crux. Australia wants men badly, but she won't have any but the best of the kind of immigrants she needs. She wants the right kind of young men—not the wastrel nor the remittance man. She wants cooks, too; who does not? She wants young girls well trained in domestic economy by good mothers and willing to take service. She won't tap a very hopeful source of that need in the old country to-day. Mr. Lyons' declaration indeed was overdue, for it can ameliorate only in minute degree the problems of both countries for decades. Since 1930, indeed, Australia, already gravely underpopulated, has been steadily losing the sound British migrants she had won. No fewer than 30,000 of them, disappointed of their hopes of employment and advancement, have left Australia for more hopeful spheres in the last eight years. Nor is the pre-war emigration record very encouraging to remember. Emigrants before the war, destined for settlement on the land under schemes more than once revised by both Governments, were notoriously disappointed and sometimes disappointing. The percentage of failure, from one cause or another, was hideous; hardly 5 per cent. made good. Mr. Lyons is right to employ a very small-meshed net with immigrants. But trained artisans and strong, ambitious, healthy youths cannot be blamed if at present they find Australian prospects of advancement not in the first rank of choices. That is why we must not expect much from the re-opening of Australian immigration for years to come. It is a start; no more.

A FALLEN STAR.

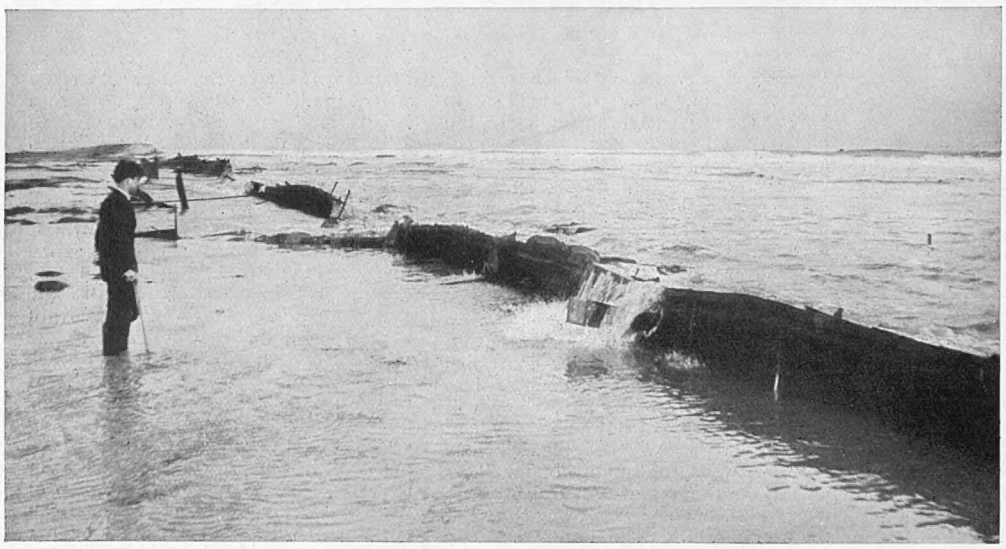
—Twice I saw May Yohe on the stage. The first time was in the '90s, when she was at the height of her stage fame in London. The second time was in 1913 or '14, when fortune had deserted her. She was playing pathetically in a one-horse entertainment in Vancouver, and half the small audience which saw her courageous effort were yellow. It was a poignant experience. She had married in 1894 Lord Francis Hope, then next heir to his brother to the Dukedom of Newcastle and owner of the Hope diamond (that unfortunate piece of carbon which brought ill-luck to many who owned or wore it). It seems that she has survived to this day crippling misfortunes and many changes and chances (including five marriages), and now at the age of sixty-eight she is fighting for a job of work and seeking to regain her American citizenship which she forfeited by her last marriage. Here's endurance.

THE OLD STAGER

OUR EASTERN VISITOR SEES THE WONDERS OF MECHANISATION: The Sultan of Muscat and Oman, who is paying a brief visit to England as guest of the Government, inspecting one of the big tanks during a day spent with the Army at Aldershot

WAY OF THE WORLD

GONE WITH THE TIDE: This new clay sea wall in course of construction at Horsey, East Norfolk, to fill the breach caused by the February floods, was almost entirely swept away at the beginning of this week, and the villagers are faced with the heartbreaking task of beginning all over again the construction of their coastal defences. Many rich acres of farming land remain drowned in the salt water, and it may possibly be a number of years before they are brought back into full cultivation again



THE TRAGEDY OF HORSEY: The tide pouring through the latest breach in the defences on this sorely tried stretch of the East Norfolk coast where, ever since the sand banks were swept away in February, the land beyond has been at the mercy of the sea at each abnormally high tide. The rebuilding of the defences has been undertaken by a concerted effort on the part of the local population, and now the whole task must be restarted. Only a few villagers have remained on in Horsey, the rest having found temporary accommodation on higher ground together with their sheep and cattle

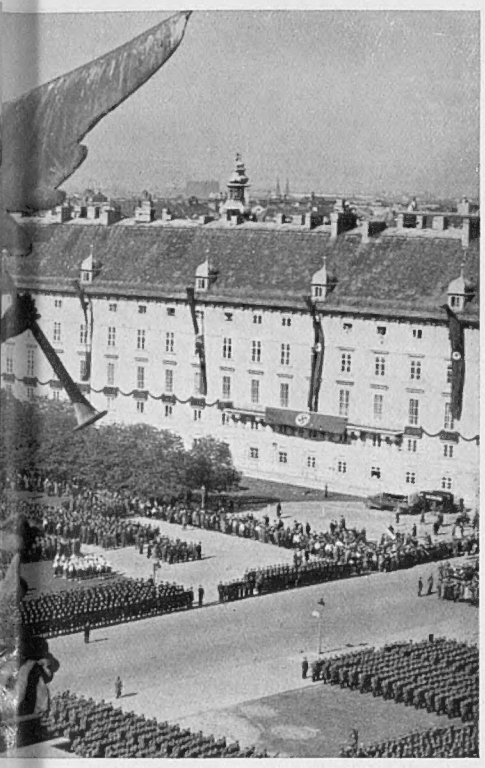
SCOTTISH MANNEQUINS COME TO TOWN: A party of girls being shown round a London fashion house preparatory to being fitted with gowns they will display at the forthcoming British Empire Exhibition to be held in Glasgow from May to October. The opening ceremony will be conducted by the King

RETURN OF THE EXILES: Looking down on the Heldenplatz, Vienna during the big parade by 8,000 members of the Austrian Legio to celebrate their arrival back in Austria from which they wer exiled for Nazi sympathies during the Schuschnigg regime. Th parade was attended by Herr Victor Lutze, Chief of Staff of th

THE "DEAD" FRONTIER AWAKES: The Governor of the Lithuanian province of Marianipol waiting (centre) to greet the first Polish Minister to Lithuania on his arrival at the border, which has just been re-opened now that the two countries have come to term

THE GOVERNMENT WINS IN EGYPT: Mahomed Pasha Mahmud, the Egyptian Prime Minister, whose party emerged successful from the recent elections, defeating the Wafd headed by Nahas Pasha, the former Premier whose quarrel with the young king last year led to his dismissal from office. Among many things the election serves to confirm the King's great popularity with his subjects

MORE FLOODS IN EAST NORFOLK : LITHUANIA AND POLAND EXCHANGE MINISTERS : THE EGYPTIAN ELECTIONS



Nazi Storm Troops, and Herr Buerckel the Nazi organiser in the new province. Vienna, which has been beflagged for the past month, is now engaged adorning itself still more elaborately for the second visit of Chancellor Hitler and for the plebiscite

THE WRECKAGE OF BELGIUM'S FIRST STRATOSPHERIC PLANE after it had crashed at Evere, the Brussels aerodrome, while making its first trials and carried to death its pilot and only occupant, M. van Damme. The machine, which had three engines and weighed over 6 tons, was designed to carry passengers at high speed through the upper atmosphere

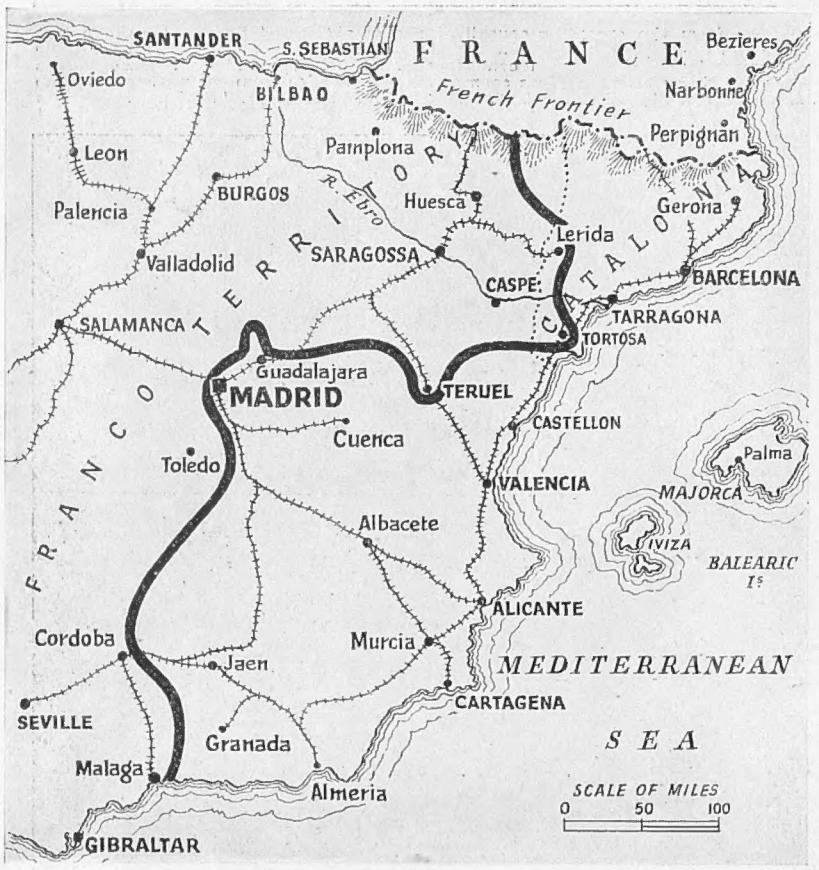
THEIR CO-OPERATION SOUGHT: This deputation from the executive council of the Amalgamated Engineering Union last Monday met Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, and heard the Government's appeal for their help in accelerating the re-armament programme by relaxing certain conditions of labour. The Union's representatives were in a somewhat critical mood and indicated that all the sacrifices seemed to be demanded from the workers. On the following day Sir Thomas talked with the management board of the Engineering and Allied Employers' National Federation

THE FIRST LITHUANIAN MINISTER TO POLAND: Colonel Kazimierz Skirpa (left) presenting his letters of credence to President Moscicki (right) on arrival to take up his duties in Warsaw. Simultaneously the first Polish Minister to Lithuania, arrived in Kaunas

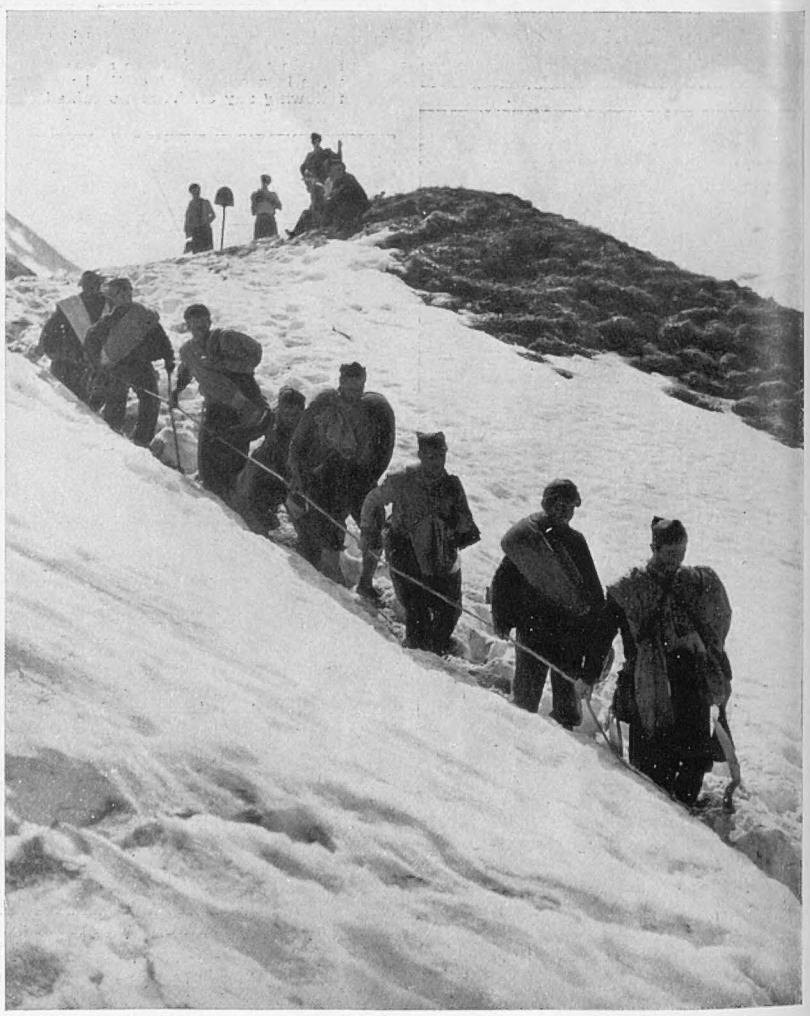
QUEEN MARY IN SOUTH WALES: Crowds cheering Her Majesty in the mining town of Maesteg as she left her car to visit the home of Mr. Taliesin Howells, a collier, who has six children and has been out of work for about seven years; an incident at the start of her extensive tour of this distressed area, which she has been making this week. Queen Mary has been spending each night at St. Fagan's Castle, Cardiff, as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth

REFUGEES TOIL ACROSS THE PYRENEAN FRONTIER

AT THE SUMMIT OF THE PASS: Spanish refugees, anticipating the end of the civil war, pictured as they trudged over the snow-clad mountains on their long trek from Catalonia to France where they at length found sanctuary after suffering en route much privation from cold and hunger. During the week-end an almost unceasing procession passed this way. The soldiers stood the long and dangerous march fairly well, but the civilians, many of whom were women with babies in arms and children tugging at their skirts, presented a sorry spectacle on arrival. Some of them just dropped from sheer exhaustion and lack of food. The snow-covered passes near Luchon at this time of the year are beset with many risks, and eighteen persons are said to have lost their lives in the last few days. A few slipped from narrow paths and pitched headlong into the deep ravines. *Below on right*—a party of fugitive soldiers seen making their way down a steep mountain side



THE WAR ON THE CATALAN FRONT: A sketch map showing the position of affairs on Tuesday of this week when General Franco had nearly completed his bold plan to cut off Barcelona from Valencia by advancing to the Mediterranean and capturing the key-town of Tortosa where two bridges span the Ebro, carrying the last remaining road and railway line connecting the two cities. Lerida, where the advance had been held up for several days, fell on April 3 after a fierce struggle, the Moroccan army corps playing a big part in the insurgent success. Throughout Franco's territory the end of the war is being enthusiastically hailed



THE SPANISH WAR OVERFLOWS INTO FRANCE

A HALT AT THE FRONTIER: During the past week-end thousands of men, women, and children have, as pointed out on the preceding page, been pouring across the mountain passes into France. The chief point for which these exhausted fugitives made was Luchon. When the long lines of refugees approached they were met by French Gardes Mobiles and each person was searched before being allowed to go into France

A LONG PROCESSION OF REFUGEES ENTERING LUCHON: Temporary camps have been set up to receive fugitives from the Spanish war in the immediate vicinity of this Pyrenean frontier town. There the refugees have been examined by a medical staff, vaccinated, and disinfected. Food, wine, and cigarettes have been liberally dispensed

BE-CLOAKED STRAGGLERS AT THE FRONTIER: The nearest French building to the frontier was a hospice—a rude shelter, 7,500 ft. up—where the most necessitous of the refugees—and their plight was pitiable—were able to obtain shelter and some little attention before being passed on to Luchon. *On left*—After a spell of rest and refreshment at this mountain spa the Government militiamen were sent back by train to Spanish Republican soil

IN LITTLE LIECHTENSTEIN

The Tiny Principality, Nestling Between Austria and Switzerland, Once Again "Makes the Front Page"

By SHELTON SCHOLEFIELD

YOUTH TAKES THE HELM: Eighty-four-year-old Francis I, of Liechtenstein (*left*), who last week abdicated from the rulership of the Lilliputian Sovereign state in favour of his thirty-one-year-old great-nephew Prince Francis Joseph (*right*), an event that for once brought Liechtenstein into the forefront of the news. The decision of the veteran Ruling Prince, who spends the greater part of his time in Vienna, was based on the fact that he considers himself too old to lead his country, particularly at a time when Nazi influences are at work within the borders. His successor is widely travelled and keenly interested in the well-being of Liechtenstein

THE ROAD TO THE CAPITAL: A poplar-lined highway and, in the distance, the houses of Vaduz, chief town of the little Principality of Liechtenstein which nestles picturesquely in a valley beneath snow-capped mountains

LADIES OF LIECHTENSTEIN: A blonde trio in their gay, national costumes. *On left*—Guttenberg Castle, a romantically-situated fortress of medieval aspect crowning the heights above Bolzen

G.H.Q. OF A LOCAL INDUSTRY: One of the main rooms in the building set up at Vaduz to accommodate the staff engaged in organising the Liechtenstein Lottery which in times past has swollen the State treasury to notable proportions. The Principality has also derived much revenue from company registration within its borders

SO Liechtenstein, the tiny Principality on the borders of Austria and Switzerland, has again become "front page news"! This time it is the abdication of the eighty-four-year-old Francis the First in favour of his nephew. The last time that this Lilliput-land figured prominently in the world's Press was in 1933, when some Nazis made irruption into Liechtenstein and assaulted the brothers Rotter, Jewish Berlin theatre magnates who had taken refuge there. I was sent from Vienna to arrange local "coverage" of the trial, and my well-worn passport bears that treasured rarity, a Liechtenstein visa.

One main-line train each day stops at Schaan-Vaduz, the station of the Principality. That is the *quid pro quo* for running through the "State". But the majority of travellers on the trans-Continental express are unaware that, between Bochs, the Swiss frontier station, and Feldkirch in Austria, they have travelled through one of Europe's most anomalous survivals—a state of 65 square miles and about 10,000 inhabitants.

Liechtenstein was created an Imperial Principality by the Austrian Emperor Karl VI in favour of Prince Hans Adam von Liechtenstein on January 23, 1719, and in 1806 was included in the Rhine Federation created by Napoleon I. When this disintegrated at the end of the Napoleonic era, Liechtenstein joined the German Federation, and remained in it until 1866, when it was dissolved through the defeat of Austria by Prussia. Liechtenstein had sent a contingent of fifty-eight to Austria's support. After her defeat, she had had enough of military alliances. She disbanded her "army" in 1867, but one member of it actually survives.

This old gentleman, Andreas Kleber by name, surely shares the old soldier's characteristic of "never dying," for although well on in the nineties, he is still regularly to be seen in his uniform on fête-days.

The ancient "palace" where the new ruler will be crowned, is normally a museum. It is situated on a height which dominates Vaduz, the capital, and dates from the fifteenth century. Vaduz itself is a delightful little town, nestling in the "Lowlands"—for the Principality retains its historic division into *Unterland* and *Oberland*. There you find the "Parliament," which has some forty members and is about the size of a provincial courthouse.

They ought to be happy, these lucky Liechtensteiners, for they pay no taxes and are mainly prosperous. Much revenue is derived from the registration of companies, the local laws being very favourable. Most of the inhabitants are engaged in agriculture, but there is also industry in the spinning and weaving of jute and cotton. The intrinsic charms of the place, lying sheltered amid mountains, bring an increasing number of tourists—and then one must not forget what is perhaps Liechtenstein's best line of export, her *stamps!* These, bearing the inscription *Fürstentum Liechtenstein*, are very beautiful things, and nobody visits the Principality without taking away a stock. I am no expert, but I should think they would be far more valuable "used" than "unused"!

Will Liechtenstein, that very charming anomaly, survive in a Europe which is being regimented and rationalised? The abdication of the aged Francis (who lives in Austria) in favour of a younger nephew who will live on the spot, is due to agitation from the "subjects", who are becoming anxious over recent events.

Before the war Liechtenstein had a Customs union with Austria-Hungary. After the war there was a movement both in Liechtenstein and in Austria's most westerly province, Vorarlberg, to become part of Switzerland. It came to nothing but Liechtenstein has a Customs union with Switzerland. That Liechtenstein was once portion of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation" is undeniable. Some of her younger people have not remained unaffected by the ideology from across the border, and the new prince may have to earn his revenues.

Otherwise, Liechtenstein, by disappearing, may again "make the front page."

"THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SOLDIER"! Meet Andreas Kleber, sole survivor of Liechtenstein's army, who still dons his uniform on festive occasions

DESTROYERS at CONVOY EXERCISE in the CHANNEL

A destroyer laying a heavy smoke-screen during the recent combined naval and air exercises. A striking study of shimmering sea and black, all-enveloping smoke

Destroyers of the Home Fleet (Red Force) steaming line ahead in the Channel during the return to home ports from Gibraltar. The destroyers took a prominent part in an important convoy exercise

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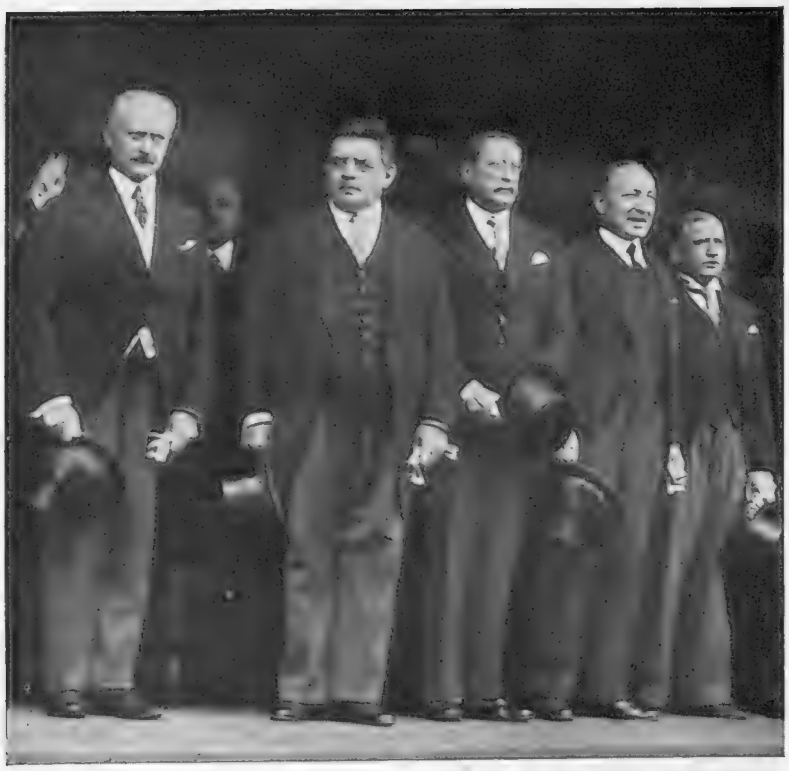
CAN THESE MEN UNIFY FRANCE?

A Survey of the Men who Matter in the French Political Situation



THE PRESIDENT WITH SOME OF THE POLITICIANS HERE DISCUSSED: Standing on the left is the President, "handsomely looking his part," as Mr. Tuohy describes him. Next, to the right, is M. Herriot, President of the Chamber, followed by M. Blum, not so powerful nowadays with the Left and disliked by the Right, followed by M. Delbos and M. Daladier, "a quiet little man from the hot Midi"

OF A SMALL BUT IMPORTANT GROUP: M. Flandin occupies an interesting position as the head of an effective party which will be necessary to any government of unification

THE other day, in Paris, I exhorted the local B.B.C. broadcaster never again to refer to "milliards" of francs in his talks. He promised not to do so, but to turn them into sterling, while at the same time observing that the affairs of France were complicated enough already.

They are a bewildering sequence of quick-change crisis and re-crisis. How the average foreign reader hopes to keep up with it all, however informative some of the despatches from Paris, it is hard to see. Can the story be even remotely uncomplicated if we concentrate for ten minutes on what I believe is now called in the best circles a "personality page"? If we examine the dozen or so of Frenchmen in whose hands rests to-day the transcending matter of whether the Republic can achieve unity *in time* or not? This was indubitably what in the main sent Mr. Churchill recently to Paris — to impress upon responsible Frenchmen how things might pan out better for Democracy if only stability could arrive in French politics; how much easier, as a case in point, it would be for Mr. Chamberlain to work in with France. Mr. Churchill was probably the one British statesman who could do this—the descendant of dreaded "Malbrook"—without wounding some or more French susceptibilities, even arousing sharp retort.

No doubt at all but that the French political see-saw, with its acute European war or peace potentialities, is rapidly attaining the limit with genuine risk being run of France courting calamity, and I fully weigh the word. Nor am I in bad company, for listen to that great interpreter, "Pertinax": "If the French nation does not speedily regain its unity, the powerful military establishment developed at such a great cost during the past three years will hardly prove equal to its task or, at any rate, to the preventive part of its task, which is to convey to all would-be disturbers of peace the impression that anyone who starts trouble is doomed to disaster. Trustworthy observers agree that Mussolini has set his hopes on the social and political disintegration of the French Republic. He is more or less ready to act on the principle that material military force is bound to come to very little when wielded by a nation rent asunder by rival ideologies and interests. In the light of those explanations, it is of supreme importance that a French Cabinet enjoying enough prestige and authority to unify the mass of the people and to put an end to all internal dissension should be in the saddle."

Can the thing be done? Alas, alas, would that one could write a positive "Yes." The canyons are so deep, the maze so labyrinthine. But what one can do is to give you the men involved in the "Yes" or the "No."

Let us start with the President. M. Lebrun veers to the Right, and if never great political shakes, this son of Lorraine peasantry has turned out a dignified chief magistrate, who thus far has but on rare occasion been charged with bias in presiding over this and that change of Government. Indefatigable in his public duties, and handsomely looking the part, he has done his job well, which is to be at once figure-head and presiding arbiter, meaning without his interfering with the will of those he sends for, for consultation, in crisis. Cool and level-headed, not missing the wood for the trees, most would be inclined to put the President down as an asset towards national unification.

But what of that very remarkable veteran, M. Joseph Caillaux, President of the Finance Committee of the Senate? As a fact, M. Caillaux *is* the Senate. He is brains and push and disdain ahead of them all. He may be seventy-five, but when he gets up, inserts his monocle, glances round with his red turkey-cock face, and sticks out his jutting chin, they all just gently listen, do the Senators, the majority of whom may happen to be of their mentor's party—Radical — though that hardly matters.

The Senate still retains right of veto over the Chamber, and it is mainly Caillaux's veto that periodically bunkers or throws out Blum and the Popular Front. One harbours the uneasy impression that Caillaux is essentially destructionist out of pique. He wants to be executively aloft himself, implementing his own ideas. Which is partially to be expected, maybe, in one who was Finance Minister on the brink of forty years ago —forty—when most around him to-day were either leaving school or still at it. He was Premier twenty-seven years ago.

What does Caillaux want? Himself, chiefly, would say not a few. More seriously, he will not hear of Socialistic finance, or of much other finance than his own. Internationally speaking, "The Man of Agadir" probably has not moved far from his pre-war and during-the-war conception of seeking to appease with Germany. But he devotes nearly all his attention to finance, which means to the determinating influence in French domestic politics. And what an incisive way of putting himself over, has this young-old man; what chunks of "personality". How he can hack to the root and reveal the dud remedy. Yet no Government of union could consider his inclusion. He is just too much — Caillaux, has always been so, however intellectually above almost all his fellows.

Turn to his opposite, M. Paul Reynaud, who has consistently been proved right concerning what France should do with her currency. Diminutive M. Reynaud, who sits conservatively for a fashionable Paris constituency, has been more than that. If any unifying bridge is to be effected, it is all odds on his being at the centre of it. He is the great driving force towards unity, from the moderate centre of the Chamber. He is not afraid to work in with the Communists—this Conservative. He sees the grim peril on the frontier if France goes on playing the fool: consideration of that dominates all. He has vision, courage, energy, brains. People hate him, people admire him. It is becoming less and less possible to be indifferent to him.

M. Reynaud wants special powers to salve French finances. He shows that the country must borrow £250,000,000 a year (not "milliards") and that Treasury interest on this reaches £13,000,000. The abyss broadens ever. Common and proportionate sacrifices must be made. The only way to get these sacrifices is—a Government of Unity. Who mainly stands in the way of this? You have probably never heard of him. A M. Marin, rather a colourless, elderly politician who happens, however, to be the leader of the biggest party of the Right—I think he has about fifty-five supporters. Marin refuses to come into any Government "from Thorez the Communist via Reynaud the Centralist to Marin the Rightest". He insists on the Communists being excluded even if they do hold eighty-one seats. He brushes aside the likelihood that any alleged "Unity" Government without them would lead to stay-in strikes all over the country.

THE VETERAN FINANCIAL EXPERT OF THE SENATE: M. Joseph Caillaux, "the man of Agadir," is advancing in years, but is a great fighter, and will tolerate no financial ideas but his own

M. GIGNOUX IS CONSULTED AT A LABOUR CRISIS: Too often during recent months has this smiling Labour economist been called on for conversations with the Government

M. Marin's aim is a rapprochement with Hitler, carried out by a Government under Right influence. This policy is frequently accompanied by a sort of moaning for "le Grand Homme". The big man who would take over the reins "impartially". Weygand has been mentioned. Why not he, presiding over a Committee of Public Safety, say, of six? Many fear this school of thought is really out for something currently only too familiar to us all.

Edouard Daladier, quiet little man from the hot Midi, is in the direct line of Clemenceau and Briand, as a French statesman who will be remembered. They call him "le Carnot de nos jours," the reference

By

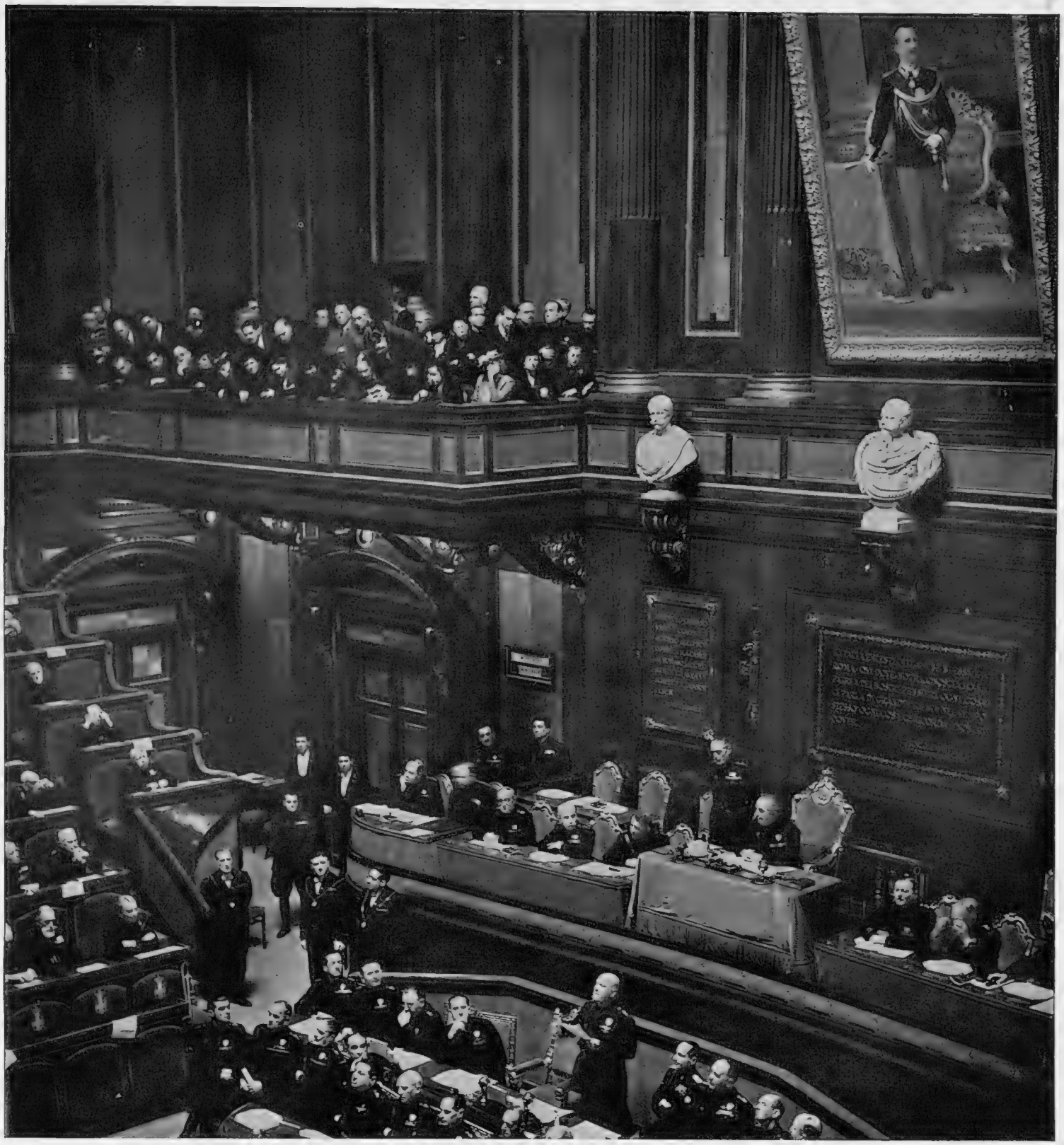
FERDINAND TUOHY

being to him who organised Napoleon's army material and supplies, thereby rendering possible all the victories. Daladier is supreme defence chief, having under him General Gamelin, Vice-Admiral Darlan, and General Vuillemin (air). He has built up a wonderful army and material and is now concentrating on the lagging air. He seems to enjoy everyone's confidence, not least that of the Services whose three above-cited chiefs (Gamelin the head of the three) should be noted. Darlan is a cheery, Beatty type, aged fifty-six, Vuillemin comes back to air control, after having been degommed to Africa.

MM. Gignoux and Jouhaux require to be bracketed, as representing employers and employed in the eternal and infinitely perilous labour wrangling that goes on and

(*Continued on page* 84)

EUROPE from THREE QUARTERS: Italy, Hungary, and Germany

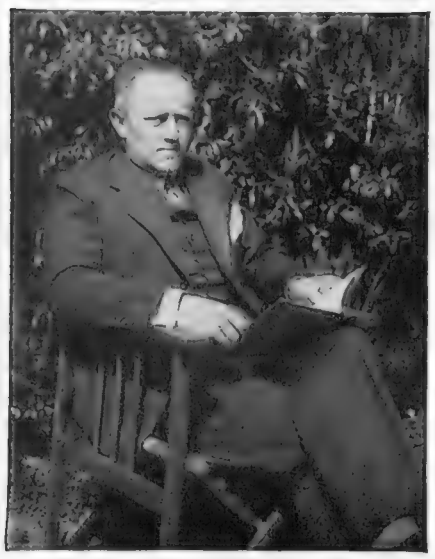


THE MARSHAL OF THE EMPIRE SPEAKS: In a dramatic speech in the Senate in Rome on March 30, Signor Mussolini announced the creation of a new rank in the military hierarchy—"Marshal of the Empire," conferred by decree on himself and the King. The Duce went on to emphasise Italy's preparedness for war and said that nine million men could be mobilised ready for a "quick war"

THE CASE OF HUNGARY: This picture, which was received last week from Budapest, would indicate that Hungary has its own Nazi minority problem, though on a much smaller scale than its neighbour Czechoslovakia. Count Festetics, the leader of the Hungarian Nazis, is here seen speaking at a meeting of the Hungarian Nazi Party in the capital. The Hungarian version of the Swastika can be seen on the arms of the members

HERR HITLER IN HAMBURG: From a decorated dais in the Hanseatic Hall the Führer spoke to the people of Hamburg on Tuesday of last week. He stressed his conviction that Germany could be saved by her industry but firstly by her political unity

AN ICELANDIC GLACIER STREAM TEARING ITS WAY TO THE SEA: The water is rushing between pieces of stranded ice covered with volcanic dust; on the farther bank are big masses of ice similarly blackened with ash



THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION: Professor Niels Nielsen, the Danish geologist and vulcanologist

AN ASTONISHING JUXTAPOSITION OF HEAT AND COLD: The wall of the crater upon which a member of the expedition is leaning is hot to the touch, but it is surrounded by masses of solid ice

The pictures on these pages record the latest expedition of Professor Niels Nielsen to Iceland in order to study the phenomena of volcanic action under glacial ice, and below are extracts from a preliminary statement of the general purposes of the expedition. Some time must elapse before the full scientific report is published.

THROUGH the ages mankind has experienced the greatest of all the wonders of nature—the eruption of volcanoes—and yet so very little is known about the mighty powers which throw a million tons of white seething stone out of the bowels of the earth.

What enormous development of heat takes place! The very nature of the volcano does not allow of close study; one must either flee or die when the volcano comes to life and speaks! Recently volcanic action has been studied under very special conditions, namely underneath the ice of a glacier!

"A few years ago my attention was arrested by the news of an eruption of a volcano under the centre of the Vatnajökull glacier. This was such an extraordinary phenomenon—that there should be an eruption underneath inland ice, that I immediately made arrangements to go to the site of this drama of nature. Thanks to the Carlsberg Scientist's Fund I was able to get my expedition started within a few days. I duly reached Vatnajökull and studied the local conditions. When there was later a second eruption, I took out a second expedition. Both were unforgettable experiences for me and were of the greatest significance and importance from a scientific point

BOILING IN THE MIDST OF SNOW AND ICE: In this view of an Icelan cra lava upon which it is resting. The edges of the cra ar

THE FIGHT BETWEEN FIRE AND ICE

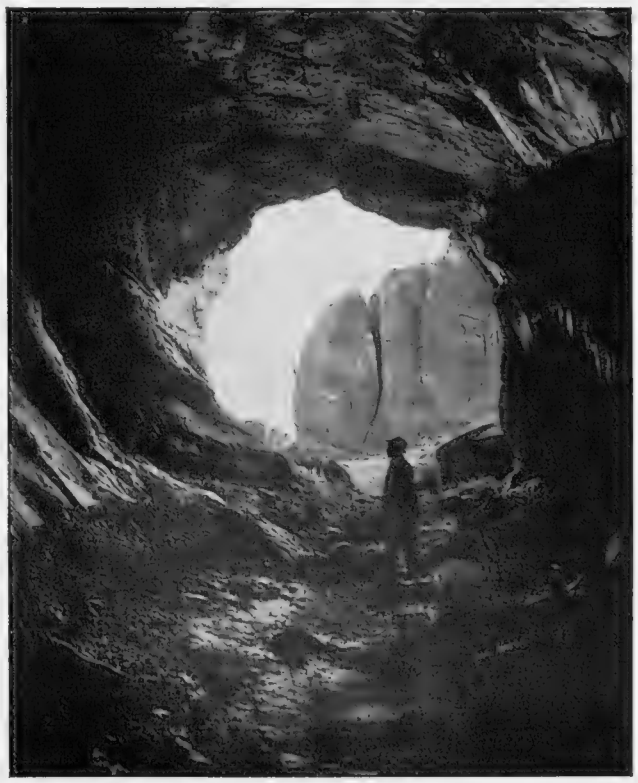
The Nielsen Expedition to Study the Eruption of Volcanoes under Glaciers in Iceland Specially Pictured

A FANTASY OF ICE AND VOLCANIC DEPOSIT: This study of an extraordinary glacier formation was taken during the 1937 expedition under Professor Niels Nielsen. The block of ice is capped, as it were, with a tapering roof of volcanic ash like a tilted hut

of view. Vatnajökull rises like a gigantic mountain to some 2,000 metres above sea level. Between the glacier and the sea there is a great plain, through which flow several glacial rivers. The first warning sign of an imminent volcanic eruption in the glacier is the rising of the water in the glacial rivers. Within 6–7 days the mass of water increases to such an extent, that blocks of ice as large as five-storey houses are swept along the glacier stream. In 1934 this great rushing of waters lasted for 3 days. We succeeded in finding out by various calculations how much ice had been melted—this was the first time that it was possible to test the development of heat when a volcano erupts, though the figures can only be approximate as it is a question of such huge masses.

When the glacier flood was at its highest the fire of the volcano broke through, and a column of steam and glowing volcanic ashes shot high into the sky.

To reach the head of the glacier, we climbed up through a glacial valley which rises in terraces and is closed in by high walls of rock. The way led over ice-covered snow, which made it difficult going for the sleigh horses. At the top of the glacier snow hurricanes blow day and night.



ONE OF THIRTEEN GLACIER STREAM TUNNELS: When the heat of the volcano melted the glacier ice the water rushed through thirteen tunnels towards the plain

crater steam is rising from the water which is heated by contact with the hot are covered with constantly replenished ice and snow

STANDS MEXICO WHERE IT DID?

The following article was written by a correspondent closely in touch with Mexican affairs. It was dispatched to this office shortly before the taking over of the oil mines by President Cardenas. It describes, however, the situation which surrounded this extraordinary occurrence.

THE world is generally convinced that the government of Mexico is Radical. Perhaps most of the world regards it as Communist. Certainly a large part of the world still believes that it is financed by "Russian gold." On the last point, the answer is that all of the difficulties in which President Lazaro Cardenas now finds himself, and they are legion, are due to the fact that he lacks money. On the matter of any Russian alliance at all, I have already pointed out in a previous article that, if there were such an alliance, there would be no refuge for Trotsky in Mexico.

The idea of Communism is repudiated by Cardenas' persistent effort to enfranchise the peon by putting him in individual and private possession of land. As for Radicalism, if the Cardenas government ever was radical, in any philosophical sense of the term, it now verges so nearly on Fascism that it may be already fascist. Perhaps it is merely a Latin urbanity which has forbidden the matter to be mentioned that has kept the secret veiled from the world.

The truth is that to-day, and for some time past, Cardenas has been the virtual dictator of Mexico. This may be indicated by the fact that he has dissolved the revolutionary party which he inherited from Plutarco Calles, and has reorganised it to suit himself.

It may also be indicated by the fact that, although Cardenas is reputedly the friend of labour, and although he has lent militant support to the right of Mexican workers to strike, particularly against alien employers, he has declared that "useless" strikes are outlawed; and he has constituted himself the sole judge of which strikes are "useless".

It is not in the least difficult to prove that he has no money. Cardenas has gone in for the expropriation of land on a large scale, and has parcelled it out to peons. The thought was that the Government would subsidise the peon in the matter of equipment, seeds, and living costs until such time as a harvest could be marketed.

It was simple enough to parcel out the land. It was a matter of festival to instal the peon on the land. But then Cardenas discovered that he had no funds with which to furnish equipment, seeds, and living expenses. Credit appeared to be lacking. Many of the peons returned to the surviving estates of their erstwhile overlords, begging to be restored to a blessed estate of peonage in order that they might eat. Others are still muttering, ominously.

One may go a step further. There is no money in the Cardenas treasure chest now to finance the marketing of the cotton crop.

It is not likely, however, that the Cardenas regime will be attacked effectively from outside its own ranks. The latest move in this direction has been that of "Los Dorados" ("Gold Shirts"), an abortive imitation Fascist movement, whose leader apparently believes that a coloured shirt is the sufficient substance of a political upheaval.

General Nicolas Rodriguez, beginning in Mexico City, organised a band of malcontents, began to raid Jewish-owned shops. Jews in Mexico are so rare, however, that a wider field for violence had to be sought; and the general and his followers made the mistake of disrupting a workers' parade. Rodriguez was deported to the Texas border by plane.

Near Matamoros, across from Brownsville, Tex., in the State of Tamaulipas, he rallied some followers, and engaged in what amounted to minor guerrilla warfare. Some American papers seized upon the incident for headline purposes, featured it as a revolution. Governor Gomez suppressed "the revolution" in his most suave manner. The random shooting having subsided, at the appropriate hour in the late afternoon he appeared in the plaza in Matamoros, arrayed in his silk hat, spats, and walking stick, strolled nonchalantly, whispered at windows and doorways that it was now time for the customary promenade. In a short while, the plaza was thronged as usual, and the revolution was over.

It is the Cardenas policy itself, the policy which is depleting his treasury and cutting off his credit, which must be examined to discover how and why his regime is likely to be overthrown. This is a much more serious matter than any armed uprising in Mexico could be at the present time.

From the outset, Cardenas has been hostile to alien capital. It was on this point, indeed, that he broke with Calles. Calles had received large encouragement, first from the late United States ambassador, Dwight Morrow, and subsequently from President Roosevelt, to believe that United States capital was prepared to enter into equitable arrangements with the Mexican Government and the Mexican people. First Morrow and then Roosevelt had persuaded American corporations doing business in Mexico, in the light of their own experience, that a new deal for Mexico would be profitable for everyone. The New Deal was making progress, and it began to look like a new day for the Mexican people as a whole.

Calles backed Cardenas for the Presidency on the assumption that he would carry out the programme thus begun. Once in office, Cardenas moved to break with Calles and assume full power. He succeeded, mainly by an appeal to the narrowest nationalism and to anti-alien sentiment.

Discriminatory labour laws were put into effect. That is, an alien employer was required to pay much higher wages than a native employer. The labour costs ran so high that one of the largest and most famous concerns in the world has, dismissed, at least temporarily, most of its seasoned executives,

THE VIRTUAL DICTATOR OF MEXICO: President Lazaro Cardenas whose Government verges nearly on Fascism. According to our correspondent, his efforts to enfranchise the peon, by putting him in possession of land, are beset with difficulties owing to the lack of money

INSTALLED ON EXPROPRIATED LANDS: Peons at work on the soil granted to them under the Cardenas regime. Lack of money and credits has made it impossible for the Government to furnish them with seeds and equipment which has resulted in many of them returning to their former masters to save themselves from starvation

and has made one man almost solely responsible for all of its operations in Mexico. If he were not a physical and intellectual giant, if he did not know Mexico thoroughly, as a matter of life-long experience, and if he were not capable of the most adroit Latin diplomacy, he would already be a broken man. For months, in fact, his company has seriously considered abandoning its Mexican operations altogether. I know the situation well enough to know that this is not an idle threat. Combined with chaotic conditions in the United States, and the sudden emergence of a new and formidable competition from another gigantic American concern, which has hitherto co-operated rather than competed, the company's Mexican situation is almost untenable. The company finally announced that, one more move against it, and it would withdraw without further notice.

Whether Cardenas took the threat seriously or not he subsequently diverted his attention to alien oil companies. The Mexico federal labour board ordered alien oil companies to increase wages 10,000,000 dollars annually to 18,000 employees. This meant a per man increase of approximately 555 dollars to men who in times past had earned but a few cents a day, and it came after wages had been increased generally, first under agreement with Calles and second under labour legislation originally promulgated by Cardenas. The Mexican Supreme Court has just upheld the labour board's decision. Seventeen British and American oil companies are affected.

The procedure of the Mexican Government in this particular controversy is illuminating. The concerns involved refused to comply with the order to pay the increased wages. The Mexican Supreme Court has therefore "embargoed" the companies' bank accounts for the purpose of paying wages to the men for the period during which they were on strike (May 28—June 9, 1937). The sum involved is 750,000 pesos (208,500 dollars).

In a last effort to reach a supportable agreement, the companies issued a circular appealing directly to the workers. They stated that they cannot meet the terms of the court order, that they must either sharply curtail operations or close down altogether, and have offered to negotiate a new contract to provide for a forty-hour week and comprise wage-increase. It should be noted that these concessions are far more liberal than the same companies are willing to make in the United States, even under the pressure of the New Deal, which may indicate how hard they are being pressed by the Mexican Government.

Meanwhile it has become increasingly clear that the Mexican revolution, ever since the advent of Cardenas, has been degenerating from a movement implement with a principle to another piece of glorified banditry.

The agrarian programme which was to have placed the peon in possession of the land now stands disclosed as amounting to little more than a matter of flamboyant speeches, band concerts, protracted fiestas, ending in futility and destitution.

One of Calles' trusted lieutenants at one time was General Quevedo. When Cardenas successfully turned on Calles, Quevedo found it expedient to adopt this position. As the first governor of Chihuahua under Cardenas, it was Quevedo who first applied the principles of the Cardenas programme to the strategic state of Chihuahua. Among other things, he succeeded in making his nephew mayor of Juarez. That administration was so fearful, however, that Jose Quevedo was ousted, largely at the instigation of an indignant chamber of commerce. The general could not succeed himself as governor, and, once he was out, he discovered that the Quevedos were very much out, as far as Cardenas was concerned.

On a recent night, the general and his nephew and a friend by the name of Onate encountered a good Cardenas man, Senator Angel Posada, and his party in the lobby of the Hotel Koper in Juarez. Words were exchanged, and then shots. Posada was slain. Jose Quevedo and Onate, both wounded, escaped across the Santa Fé Street to El Paso. They are held there now, Mexican Consul, Manuel Esparza, having filed a request for extradition with U.S. Commissioner, A. J. W. Schmid.

The general character of this riotous obbligato to a "philosophical" revolution may be inferred from the fact that the "shooting match" in the Hotel Koper has apparently erased what threatened to be an international incident.

Mexico's American tourist trade is declining. It had reached such a lofty peak that it must decline a great deal before the loss can be regarded as serious. But it is declining. Tourists traveling by motor over the new highway from Laredo, Tex., to Mexico City, report daily gun battles, riots generally. Mexico is slipping back into the lawlessness and violence out of which Calles was lifting it.

N. S.

THE 1938 KADIR CUP : Picturesque Scenes at Bachhraon Where the Meerut Tent Club held this Famous Pig-Sticking Event

THE BEATERS AT WORK: The line crossing a nullah during the 1938 Kadir Cup Competition held on March 22–23 by the Meerut Tent Club at Bachhraon. The chief beaters are seen in the foreground mounted on camels

THE FINALISTS: Captain P. H. J. Tuck on Squeaker and Lieutenant G. E. V. Keighley on Squadron Leader Sinclair's Misfire. Lieutenant Keighley, who is attached to the 19th King George V's Own Lancers, is seen in the right hand picture with the magnificent Kadir Cup which he won. It is the first occasion that the winning horse has belonged to a member of the R.A.F.

AT THE KILL: The scene at the finish as the spectators with their elephants gather round the pig speared by the winner. The Kadir Cup, which is the biggest sporting event of its kind in India, has been held annually since 1874 except during the war years

JAPAN CREATES A NEW BUFFER AREA AGAINST RUSSIA

Scenes in Mengukuo, the New Inner Mongolian State

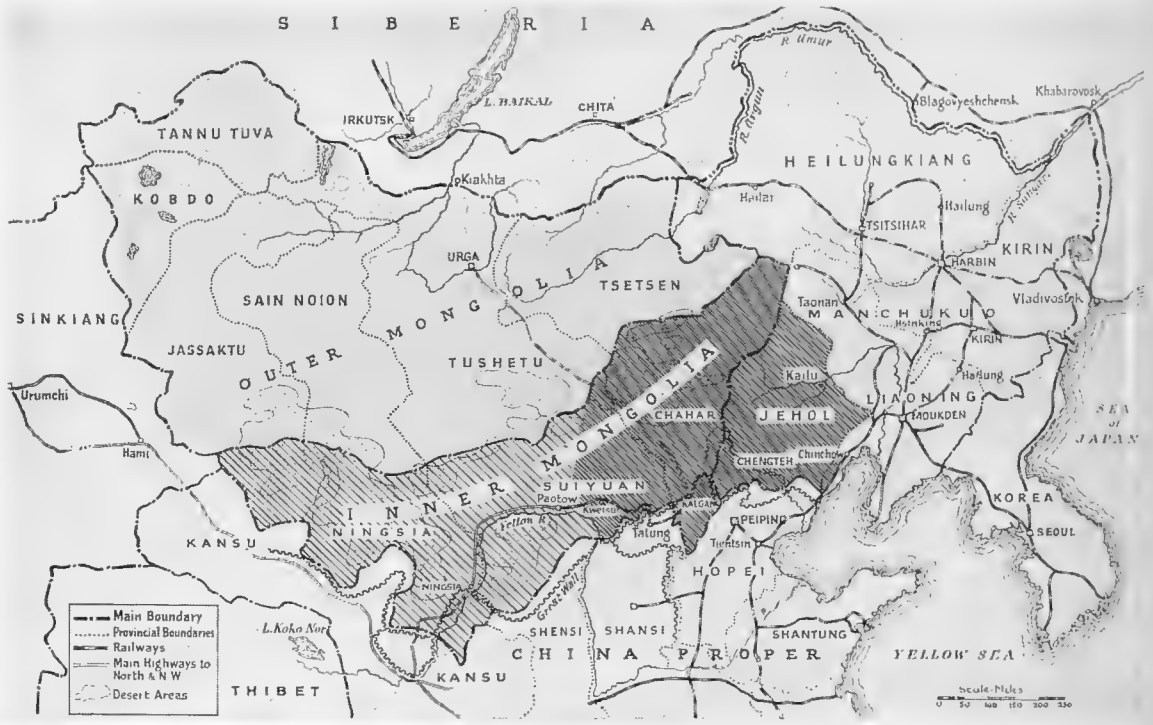
THE SEAT OF JAPAN'S NEW MONGOLIAN GOVERNMENT: This street scene in Kweihua, now named Hoho, reveals the presence of many western features. Modern offices and shops are connected with a network of telegraph and telephone wires. The position of this new capital is a little to the east of Paotow which is shown on the map given below

EXTERIOR OF AN INNER MONGOLIAN MONASTERY: This double-towered structure is built entirely of wood, a very precious substance on these treeless steppes

MENGUKUO (Chinese for Mongol country), or in English, Mongolia, is, like its neighbouring State, Manchukuo (Chinese for Manchu country), one of the States created by Japan presumably to act as a buffer to influences from the North. The two Chinese provinces, Chahar and Suiyuan, recently conquered by the Japanese, had been two of the Chinese outer provinces beyond the Great Wall. About 1¼ millions of nomadic Mongols live there. Beside the city of Kalgan—situate just outside the Great Wall, and the main gate for the whole of Mongolia—and the towns of Suiyuan, Paotow, and Hoho (the new capital), there can be but few coherent settled areas in the whole country. Only in the border districts have hundreds of thousands of Chinese colonists from North China settted down, while in the interior the only permanent places are a number of Buddhistic communities consisting of numerous Lamastic priests.

The higher Lamas, together with the tribal Dukes—about fifty men—hitherto formed the so-called political council, and until now embodied the Inner Mongolian central power, acting under the rule of the Nanking Central Government. Within this council the lama priests, on account of their better education and their relatively better contact with the outer world, had a deciding influence.

The separation of Inner Mongolia from Nanking has for a long time been one of the most important items in the programme of Japanese foreign policy. Strategically, as well as politically and commercially this district has been the connecting link between the Soviet Union and China. It appears to be the definite intention of the Japanese to extend this buffer State into a big wedge by uniting with it the remaining parts of Mongolia. Japan's secret service placed here its best man, General Doihara—the "Japanese Lawrence"—who soon successfully got into touch with the Mongolian tribal Duke Tehwang, the general secretary of the political council, who soon succeeded in getting himself acknowledged as the leader of all the Inner Mongolian tribes.



THE NEW STATE OF MENGUKUO: The area with the darkest tint indicates the districts of Chahar and Jehol where Japanese influence is now predominant, and the lighter tint the area into which Japanese influence is extending. Diplomatic opinion holds that conjointly the two areas are being planned to form a buffer against Russian influence from the north

DISCUSSION IN AN INNER MONGOLIAN MONASTERY: As there is little reading or writing within the monastery walls, the spoken word takes a prominent place. Discussion on religious and current political matters has been very free until recent times, when Japanese influences are stated to have checked free discussion

A MONASTIC ORCHESTRA IN INNER MONGOLIA: Drum and flute music form part of the ritual of this Buddhistic monastery. The musicians are seated in rows behind little tables in front of the sacrarium

KUMBH MELA CELEBRATED AT HARDWAR

Millions of Hindus Gather to Bathe in the Sacred Ganges from March 13 to April 13

A CONTROL ELEPHANT APPROACHING THE SHORE: Some of the mighty throng assembled on the banks of the Ganges wade thigh deep into the stream while a control elephant splashes its ponderous way towards the shore. The enormous gathering of Hindus takes place at intervals of twelve years. Pilgrims—men, women, and children—come from all parts of India and all dip in some fashion in the sacred waters of the river at the moment of dawn

RAILWAY CONTROL OFFICER FOR THE MELA: Mr. Mather (seated on elephant) is starting out for a hectic day. Below is Hardwar's station-master

A PORTABLE TEMPLE AT HARDWAR: One of many such temporary shrines which appear at the edges of the great pilgrim area at Hardwar. This woman has brought these religious emblems with her

FREAK FOLK WHO APPEAR AMONG THE PILGRIMS: These follow in the wake of the great wave of the pious who attend the ceremonies

A TEMPORARY CROSS-OVER FOR THE KUMBH MELA PERIOD: Great preparations have to be made to grapple with the problems attending the assemblage of such a huge multitude at Hardwar. Above is seen a temporary wooden cross-over erected for the purpose of coping with the movements of the throng

THE DANUBIAN BASIN:

WHERE THE DANUBE DIVIDES BUDA FROM PEST: In the foreground of this view of the Hungarian capital is a monument of St. Gellert, first bishop of Hungary, who together with Stephen, the first king of that nation (1000–1038), converted his heathen Magyar subjects to Christianity

THE POLITICAL ASPECT OF THE DANUBE BASIN: This map has been specially drawn in order to show the various countries through which the great river flows after reaching the Austrian frontier at Passau. Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Bulgaria are all constituent parts of what is known, both geographically and politically, as the Danube Basin. The mighty stream is navigable for small steamers right up to the cathedral city of Ulm in German territory

Since the German occupation of Austria, great interest has been aroused in that part of Europe commonly referred to as the Danubian Basin. Mr. Winston Churchill, in a notable speech soon after Herr Hitler's Austrian coup, referred to Germany's control of the Danubian Basin. Mr. Churchill wanted some kind of Alliance of the Danubian States in order to create a South-East European "bloc."

Although the term Danubian Basin is now a familiar political cliché, there does not appear to be much exact knowledge outside expert circles as to what it really means. In the following article, our contributor, who knows the Danubian region intimately, explained some facets of the situation.

RECENT dramatic events in the middle of Europe have given a new emphasis to the term Danubian Basin. Something much more than a mere geographical expression is meant; Danubian Europe, like Western Europe, is now a term with a specific political meaning.

The Danubian Basin, geographically speaking, comprises those countries through which the river Danube actually flows. But in the geo-political sense it means all the countries of Central and South Eastern Europe which are in the neighbourhood of the Danube. Rising in Germany, the Danube flows through Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania; and then out to the Black Sea. Politically, however, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria must be included, as the river flows past their borders, and they are integral parts of the Danubian area.

History flows with the tide of the Danube. For centuries before the European war, German, Slav, Magyar, Tarter, and Turk all contended for the mastery of the Danubian Basin. During the years immediately preceding the war, the Austro-Hungarian Empire held sway. But even at that time Germany, Austria's ally, dreamed of a Berlin-Bagdad line of expansion by way of the Danubian Basin.

As a result of the war the Austro-Hungarian Empire fell to pieces. Out of the wreckage of the old Habsburg monarchy was constructed the Danubian Europe of the post-war years—Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. Austria and Hungary were both greatly reduced; Czechoslovakia was an amalgam of the old Kingdom of Bohemia and Slovakia; Yugoslavia was the result of the union of the Austrian South Slavs with the pre-war Serbia; Rumania was the pre-war State enlarged by the transference of Transylvania from Hungary. Bulgaria survived, but greatly reduced in size.

Thus old national aspirations were realised and new political freedoms won. But in many instances nationalistic fervour outran political wisdom and economic common sense. It was not long before it was realised that ways and means would have to be sought for some kind of Danubian co-operation, if the various Danubian States were to achieve economic health and political security. Hence various schemes, ranging from mild plans for economic preferences to more ambitious ideas of federation, were actively canvassed during recent years. At the same time various attempts were made to secure at least a political *détente* between erstwhile enemies. In this connection M. Hodja, the far-sighted Czechoslovak Prime Minister, has worked for many years for the making of a "New Deal" for the Danubian Basin, whereby economic collaboration between all the States concerned would restore to them their lost prosperity, and political understanding would enable them to preserve themselves from the expansionist ambitions of any of the Great Powers.

All the Governments in the Danubian Basin agreed that some kind of collaboration was necessary, but failed to put theory into practice. I discussed this question with the leading statesmen in Prague, Vienna, Budapest, and Belgrade in the course of several visits to the Danubian States, from 1934 to 1936. Yes, they said, it

A TYPICAL DANUBIAN SCENE IN OLD AUSTRIA: Two vineyard workers in the foreground are saluting in the new manner while on the opposite bank the old castle at Spitz is perched high over the stream. Spitz is an easy motor run from Vienna

HOW THE DANUBE FLOWS THROUGH PLAIN EUROPE: The Danube rises in the heart of and Passau, where it soon passes into the Vienna, and passes through Bratislava which tinues to divide this last-named country from Hungarian territory to turn suddenly south that at two points the mighty stream flows is the famous "Iron Gate." After cutting halves it plunges into Yugoslavia and reaches to form the southern boundary of Rumania from Bulgaria. For a long distance here the towards its end it ceases to perform this useful

WHERE THE HILLS CLOSE IN: At the famous Iron Gate, gorge-like scenery reminiscent of the Yangtse is produced by the convergence of two mountain masses upon the Danube

GERMANY'S ANNEXATION OF AUSTRIA CREATES A NEW SITUATION ON THE HISTORIC INTERNATIONAL WATERWAY

WHERE THE DANUBE FLOWS BY HUNGARY: After reaching Pressburg (Bratislava) the Danube forms for some distance the northern frontier of Hungary but shortly after reaching Esztergom (Grau) the river turns suddenly towards the south. The scene at Esztergom is dramatic, a wooded bluff is surmounted by an unfinished cathedral and the Archbishop's palace both rising on what was formerly the site of a fortress. It was at Esztergom that King Stephen was born

AT THE OLD WESTERN FRONTIER OF AUSTRIA: The Danube leaves Bavarian territory and enters the new province of Austria at Passau, one of the most picturesque spots on the whole of the river. The stream is dominated on the left bank by a wooded hill 300 ft. high crowned by the Oberhaus

AND MOUNTAIN RANGE ACROSS THE MAP OF Germany and flows through Ingolstadt, Ratisbon, old Austrian territory and reaches Linz, skirts is just within the Czechoslovakian border. It con- Hungary for awhile and then dives eastwards into wards at Vacs, above Budapest. It will be noticed between converging mountain masses. One of these across Hungary and almost dividing it into two Belgrade. In its eastward journey it soon begins separating it at first from Yugoslavia and secondly Danube forms a natural political frontier, but function. The delta section is entirely in Rumania

was highly desirable to get together, at least in the economic sense, but.. ! The "buts" were formidable enough. For one thing victor and vanquished amongst the Danubian States wasted years wrangling between themselves as to which side should first make concessions. Hungary, for instance, demanded equality of rights. The Little Entente States said: "All right, but you must make non-aggression treaties with us." Hungary countered with demands for treaty revision. And so it went on. At the same time the expansionist Great Powers, like Germany and Italy, invariably vetoed any attempt at inter-Danubian collaboration. Last year it did really seem that common fears and mutual interests were beginning to over-ride these rivalries. But it was too late. For last month Germany annexed Austria, and by this action now dominates the Danubian Basin and thus prevents the realisation of any scheme for Danubian federation.

The sweeping political and economic changes brought about by the war were also reflected in the changed status of the control of the River Danube itself, which may soon be changed again as the result of Germany's arrival in Austria.

Before the war, in virtue of the Treaties of Paris and Vienna, there was an international commission controlling the Danube from its mouth as far as Braila in Rumania. After the war, two commissions were brought into being, one to control the river from the Black Sea to Braila as before, the other to control it from Braila to its source. This was done by the Convention signed in Paris on July 3, 1921, the European Commission again controlling the river from the mouth up to Braila, and the International Commission controlling the river from Braila to the source.

The European Commission is composed of representatives of Rumania, as the riparian State, and also of the non-riparian interested States—Britain, France, and Italy. The International Commission is composed of the representatives of all the riparian States, plus Britain, France and Italy. According to the general provisions of the 1921 Treaty, "navigation of the Danube is unrestricted and open to all flags on a footing of complete equality over the whole navigable course of the river, that is to say, between Ulm and the Black Sea."

This, at least was the position, until March 11, when Germany annexed Austria. It is still "legally" the position. It certainly will not be for long, for Germany, having already torn up the international controls established by treaty as regards the German rivers, is more than likely to do the same as regards the Upper Danube, where it runs through "Greater German" (i.e., now including Austrian) territory.

Germany is now astride the upper part of the Danubian Basin. She can control the river traffic on the Upper Danube in her own now greatly increased territory, and will probably be able to impose favourable conditions for herself on the Lower Danube, by means of "agreements" with the other Danubian States farther south. She has now the great advantage of controlling Vienna, the historic transport and commercial and financial control of the Danubian Basin. The political control of the Danube now obtained by Germany, as a result of the Austro-German *Anschluss*, is made more formidable by the fact that by the union of the "two Germanies" Hitler's Third Reich has also obtained control of vast new resources in raw materials and minerals. Thus, in Austria, Germany has now access to 100,000,000 tons of iron ore. She has also trebled her gold reserve by taking over the Austrian National Bank. In addition she will obtain 92,000,000 Austrian schillings (£3,500,000) in claims on Austria's commercial clients. She also obtains Austria's timber supply—for use for pit-props, and also for purposes of making explosives.

Furthermore, she is now in the position to dictate "friendly" agreements with the Balkan States of the Danubian Basin, which will enable her to have vast supplies in minerals and agricultural

(*Continued on page 84*)

WHERE THE DANUBE REALLY LOOKS BLUE: At Belgrade where the Danube is joined by the yellow-looking Save, its water seems to take upon itself by comparison, a blue-ish tint

AT A DANUBIAN FERRY: Although the stream is crossed by many fine bridges at the big cities, much of the cross traffic has to resort to local ferries. Here is it, at such points, that one can encounter the typical riverside life

PEOPLES OF THE

Some of Those Who Live, Laugh,

MOMENTS OF RELAXATION FOR THE PRESIDENT: The first citizen of Czechoslovakia is here seen taking his coffee at a pleasantly situated open air restaurant overlooking the wooded suburbs of Prague

MUSIC BY THE DANUBE: A Czechoslovakian village orchestra is awaiting the arrival members wearing flow

AN ODD LEGACY OF THE WAR: The crack regiment of the Czechoslovakian army has no special uniform of its own, but the men wear French, Russian and Italian kit, according to the countries to which they were attached during the war

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF OLD HUNGARY: A young bride of Mezokovesd in her wedding splendour is standing crowned before the beautifully decorated dowry chest. The district lies some seventy miles to the east of Budapest

DANUBIAN BASIN

ugh and Die by the Fateful Stream

rival of the dancers. Two of the chief fiddlers are here seen in company with other flowered waistcoats

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S PRESIDENT: Dr. Benes in the grounds of his country house. A lifelong collaborateur with President Masaryk in the struggle for independence, he stated last month that Czechoslovakia would defend its democratic ideals if necessary by force

GERMANS AND AUSTRIANS MINGLE AT THE WHITE HORSE INN: A scene of fraternisation outside the famous Danubian hostelry at St. Wolfang. The sign of the White Horse swings above the little group

YUGOSLAVIANS ARE ALSO CONCERNED WITH THE FORTUNES OF THE BASIN: The peasants of old Serbia still wear their local finery. The men sport a long loosely cut coat while the women don a short skirt with decorated petticoat showing beneath

THE BEST BOAT-RACE FOR MANY YEARS

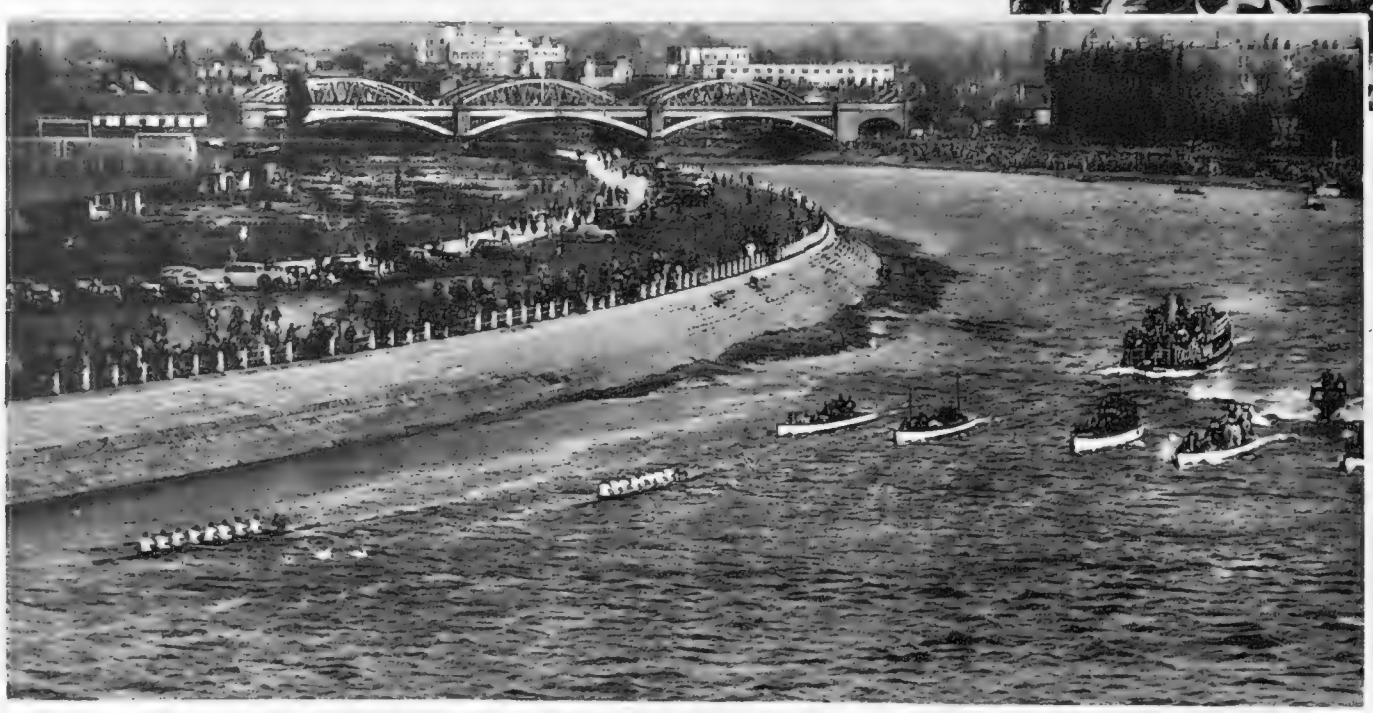
Oxford Win a Second Successive Victory Under the Rough Conditions which Suited the Long Swing of Their Powerful Crew

JUBILATION: The Oxford crew obviously realised before the finish that the race was theirs and this snapshot of the victorious crew shows the feeling of satisfaction reflected on their countenances. Hodgson (stroke) is evidently pleased to pull off a fine victory by two lengths

VERITABLE WAVES OFF THE "STORK" TRAINING SHIP: In the centre of the stream the conditions were rather those of the open sea than those of an inland river. Cambridge can be seen hugging the Surrey shore and thereby getting somewhat calmer water

THE START: The scene at Putney as the crews got away to a fine start after Cambridge had won the toss and selected the Surrey side. A contrary wind and a strong tide would have made conditions impossible but for the fine watermanship displayed by both crews at the worst moments

Above—GREAT CROWDS ON THE RIVER BANKS: This scene at Hammersmith Mall was typical of all the public spaces along the river, the brilliant sunshine added to the general gaiety and enthusiasm of the crowd



On left—ROUNDING THE BEND AT DUKE'S MEADOWS: After shooting Barnes Bridge the bend was in favour of Oxford who continued to increase their advantage. The choppy nature of the water is well shown on the right

THE RESULT OF A RURAL PROCLAMATION: At East Burnham a notice was posted calling on all those who had the right to graze cattle at Burnham Beeches to bring them to the local pound to be marked. Two donkeys are seen in the pound with the officials. The actual text of the proclamation is given below

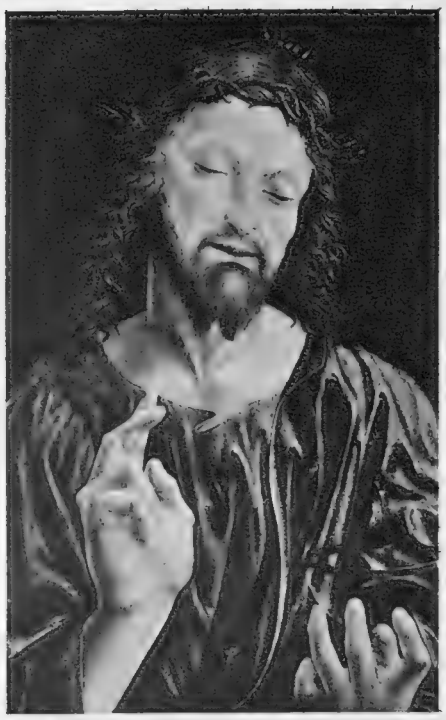
"I, the undersigned, Reeve of the Liberty of East Burnham, do hereby give notice that I shall attend at THE CROWN INN, EAST BURNHAM, on Friday, the 25th Day of March, 1938, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon for the Purpose of Marking the Cattle of all persons within the said Liberty who are entitled to send their cattle to depasture on the wastes of Burnham Beeches.

Dated this 4th Day of March, 1938. (signed) T. Harvey Hull"

SPRING IN THE HOME COUNTIES

On right—THE DAWN OF SPRING: A woodland study near Edburton, Sussex

HARTWELL HOUSE TREASURES and other ART MATTERS



Above on left—"SALVATOR MUNDI": This very striking half-length figure of the Saviour is by Marco Zoppo, and was an outstanding item of the sale at Messrs. Christie's on Friday last. *Above on right*—A COMPTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF GEORGE II: This portrait of Sir Humphrey Morice is one of the most interesting of the paintings which will be dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby from historic Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire. It was painted by Pompeo Battoni probably during a visit of Sir Humphrey Morice to Naples

HARTWELL HOUSE, near Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, is to be the scene of a three-day sale beginning on April 26, when Messrs. Sotheby are to disperse all the valuable contents of the historic house. The fine Jacobean mansion has belonged to the Lee family ever since Alexander Hampden, in 1617, left it by will to his sister, who had married Sir Thomas Lee. In the eighteenth century the south, east, and west fronts were given the classical style, which was so much appreciated that few owners could resist remodelling their old homes. At one time there was a famous staircase possessing carved figures, but these were removed during the occupancy of the house by the exiled royal family of France. Louis XVIII became the tenant of Hartwell in 1808, and remained there till recalled to France after the abdication of Napoleon. During his tenancy the house was crowded with refugee nobility, so much so that the rooms had to be sub-divided and huts erected in the grounds for the servants. The wife of Louis XVIII, who had never enjoyed the throne of France, died at Hartwell, and was first buried in Westminster Abbey before removal to Sardinia. Louis signed a declaration promising to observe the constitution of France in the library of the house.

There are many interesting pictures for sale, including works of Reynolds, Romney, Lely, Allan Ramsay, and many others. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was painted by Sir Joshua for Sir George Lee, who hung the picture at Hartwell. Allan Ramsay also painted the same royal prince, father of George III, who presented his portrait to Sir George Lee. Another good Ramsay portrait is that of Mary, the wife of Colonel John Lee, showing a pleasant buxom lady wearing a blue cloak trimmed with fur. But perhaps the most interesting portrait is that of Sir Humphrey Morice, who was painted by Pompeo Battoni when on a visit to Naples. Battoni was highly thought of in his own day (he died in 1787), every distinguished personage seeking to obtain his pictures, and his work is now, after a period of neglect, climbing back into appreciation by the art critics.

THE CHINESE GLASS PICTURE OF THE MIDDLE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: This is one of several charmingly composed bird and flower subjects painted on glass and contained in gilt wood frames which will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby late this month

THE CHARM OF COUNTRY LIFE IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOLLAND: This delightful scene outside a country house was painted by Pieter de Hooch. It is signed with his initials on the carriage drawn up in the courtyard, and was offered for sale by Messrs. Christie on Friday last. There is a pleasant contrast of sunlight and shadow on this charming family picture depicting two ladies standing by the carriage, while a young man plays with two dogs and a group of older men are conversing nearby. Very little is known about the life of De Hooch, apart from his pictures

The furniture at Hartwell is of charming Regency design, of faded mahogany with ormulu mounts. There are elegant writing tables and a dinner table of unusual make, being four small tables joined together, an eighteenth-century leather screen painted with Chinese figures in terraced pavilions, and a very fine Chippendale gilt wood suite of excellent quality.

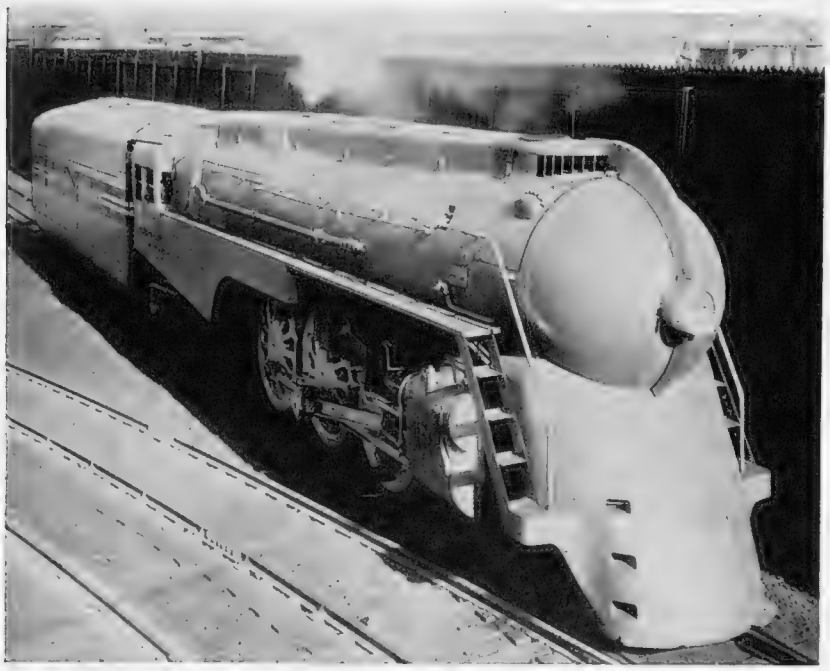
During the same week, Messrs. Sotheby are selling in their London salerooms the splendid collection of Chinese porcelain and works of art formed by the late Mr. Stephen Winkworth. For forty years Mr. Winkworth had delighted in adding to his collection, constantly being seen in the salerooms, till his house became so crowded with china that he was forced to have a sale in 1933, which realised £20,000. The Chinese glass pictures will appeal for their delicacy and charm.

On Friday, April 8, Messrs. Christie had a most interesting sale of old masters, including pictures by Rembrandt, Raeburn, Pieter de Hooch, Fra Angelico, and Marco Zoppo, the pupil of Mantequa, whose picture, "Salvator Mundi," was most arresting.

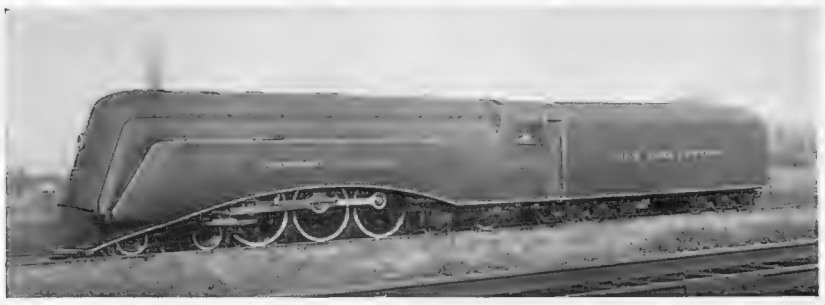
B. H.

ENGINEERING MARVELS

In America, Australia, Italy, and England



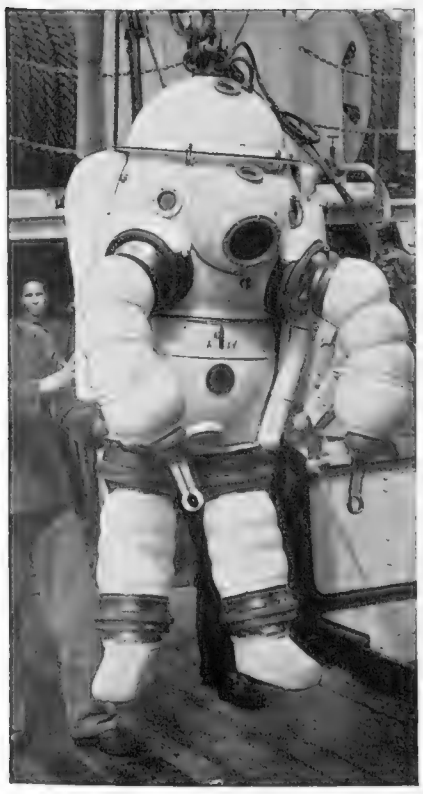
MODERNITY IN LOCOMOTIVES: The first of ten great Hudson-type locomotives which will supply the motive power for the new *Twentieth Century Limited* between New York and Chicago. These locomotives, under full load, are capable of a speed of 80 m.p.h.



STREAMLINED POWER: The *Commodore Vanderbilt*, a locomotive recently put on the Century Service between Toledo and Chicago by the New York Central Railroad. It is claimed to be the world's highest-powered streamlined engine operated by means of steam

THE LARGEST SILOS IN AUSTRALIA UNDER CONSTRUCTION: At Geelong, 40 miles from Melbourne, these gigantic silos will soon be ready for storage of wheat in bulk prior to shipment overseas. Each consists of twenty-eight storage bins set in one block 110 ft. high and 32 ft. in diameter

THE EPITOME OF SPEED: Five locomotives of the Santa Fé Railroad in Chicago. The centre engine is steam operated while the others are Diesel driven



A MAN-MADE SEA MONSTER: The latest type of articulated diving apparatus built by the engineer G. Galeazzi being tested at Spezia, Italy. Weighing nearly half-a-ton it is shown on left about to make its trial descent. The invention is equipped with telephone and self-raising apparatus in case of emergency

UNDERNEATH THE THAMES: Working in an air pressure equal to that inside an average motor tyre (air is compressed to prevent inrush of water into the tunnel), this engineer is checking the direction of the tunnel driver underneath the river during the construction of the Dartford Pilot Tunnel

Special SPHERE *Picture By Paul Popper*

THE SPLENDOUR OF HEAVEN ON THE WESTMINSTER STAGE: Unseen by the human actors, the three archangels, with the recording angel, form a striking golden chorus figuring during the whole action of Dorothy Sayers' play, *The Zeal of Thy House*. Their massive and glittering wings were designed and built by Douglas Godfrey. Mr. Alan Napier takes the part of Michael, Mr. Alan Judson that of Raphael, R. de la Torre that of Gabriel, Mr. Douglas Vine that of Cassiel

THE MODERNISTIC SETTING OF THE ANTI-WAR PLAY AT THE APOLLO: Though written two years ago, Robert Sherwood's play *Idiot's Delight* is extraordinarily topical by reason of the feeling of impending war which suffuses the entire story. With possibly the exception of *The Times*, this play has received a chorus of appreciative criticism which in many cases appears to have been affected by the sentiments uttered on the stage. In this scene Mr. Raymond Massey who has a "whale" of a part is seen with the cabaret troupe he is endeavouring to get into Switzerland

DRAMA AND

IT may seem strange to find Miss Dorothy Sayers changing as it were from Lord Peter Whimsey to Saint Peter, and writing a play of deep religious significance (though not without its whimsicalities). Yet the change is not really surprising when one considers Miss Sayers' wide knowledge of many subjects, and the fact that, whether about divine beings or detectives, she can write remarkably well.

The Zeal of Thy House is about Canterbury Cathedral and was first performed in the Chapter House there. It has now come to the Westminster Theatre, which is an appropriate choice, since that building was, I believe, at an earlier stage of its career a church of sorts. Canterbury seems to be cornering plays about cathedrals, for it was the scene of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, a most praiseworthy poetical drama, though, as Dr. Johnson might have said, I would sooner praise it than see it again. To be frank, it bored me most completely. Miss Sayers' play, on the other hand, moved me profoundly.

Here is something as beautiful as it is original in both form and conception. With rare skill the dramatist has managed to combine very human humanity with the odour of sanctity. Her characters do not behave with the dull devotion of figures in a stained-glass window come to some sort of life for the time being. They are real and what they say and do is both real and interesting. Her monks talk with a modern idiom (a choice which it was almost certainly wise to adopt); even her archangels, with their huge wings of shimmering gold, exchange mild little jokes without, oddly enough, sacrificing one jot of their awful dignity or for one moment suggesting irreverence. They form the Greek chorus to the drama in which, however, they take part at certain truly dramatic moments.

The story is simple and founded on fact. In the twelfth century the choir of the cathedral was destroyed and the monks summoned competing architects to lay before them their plans for a new one. The choice fell upon a Frenchman, William of Sens. He was a brilliant artist, beloved by the monks and the workmen. He was also beloved in a different fashion by the beautiful Lady Ursula. One day when he was in a builder's cradle at the top of a high arch the rope broke and he fell to the ground, suffering terrible injuries. Was this a punishment for the sins of the flesh? Was it the evil hatred of the devil for the perfection of William's work in God's house? Was it an act of God himself, as a punishment for William's pride in that work, for which he was inclined to give himself, and not God, the credit?

Since we see one of the archangels leave the stage to cut the rope with his sword it appears that we must accept the third explanation, though that rope-cutting struck me as hardly a typically Christian, let alone a typically archangelic, action. But discussion of such matters should be the province of the many clerical members of the audience rather than mine; possibly the Dean of Canterbury himself, as a member of the Left Wing Book Club and an enthusiastic admirer of that most holy and Christian country, Soviet Russia, will oblige with an enlightenment. What most emphatically is my province is to declare, again most emphatically, that this is a fine, powerful play of rare quality.

The second part is even better than the first, in spite of the fact that a great part of it is devoted to theological arguments between the maimed William and the four archangels, who hover round his bed just as (though more talkative) lesser angels hovered round Hansel and Gretel. There is almost complete lack of action here; yet I have not heard in any play anything more tense since Bernard Shaw's defence of the Inquisition in *Saint Joan*. Miss Sayers, alternating in these scenes between blank verse and Biblical prose, rises in her writing to heights of compelling beauty. The actual language of the Bible it is usually dangerous to incorporate in a play for the reason that it is so superb that the imitation seems feeble to the verge of inanity. In this case a difficult task has been "done decently and in order."

Mr. Harcourt Williams is an excellent actor who seldom has had so fine a part as William of Sens. He is sincere and alive and sympathetic throughout; in the mysticism of the closing episode he makes his fine lines the finer by refusing any temptation to chant them in ecclesiastical sing-song. I trust that the many parsons who will visit this play will take a few tips in diction from Mr. Williams and also from Mr. Alan Napier, the leading and most sonorously imposing archangel. Mr. J. Fisher White as the Prior, and Mr. Alfred Clark, the monk in charge of the Canterbury equivalent of what most of us know, and some of us enjoy, as Benedictine and Chartreuse, stood out in that very likeable Chapter.

Mr. Mark Dignam, one of the unsuccessful architects, did not have the opportunities he had in the Westminster's earlier production this year, *Volpone*, but is manifestly so good an actor that the envious prayer of many of his less capable fellows must surely be *Domine, non sum Dignam!* Miss Marie Ney played beautifully the shadowy part of the

FILMS of the Week

BY PHILIP PAGE

Lady Ursula, who was the cause of all the trouble. Or wasn't she?

I did not feel too happy about certain parts of the production, particularly the Reinhardtian method of mingling actors and audience. Except in the case of revue and pantomime I have always been most strenuously opposed to all such tricks in that they dispel the necessary sense of illusion which can be retained only by rigidly regarding the footlights as a boundary line. If that boundary line is disregarded in a religious play, the consequences are apt to be ludicrous and therefore dangerous. When *The Miracle* was revived at the Lyceum Theatre I recall late-comers on the first night being mingled, willy-nilly, in the dark with fragments of ecclesiastical processions; the possibility of asking an acolyte to direct one to C 18 and 19, or of handing a mitred bishop sixpence for a programme is incongruous, to say the least of it. So far as I am aware, no such contretemps happened at the Westminster. Yet the sight of that golden-winged archangel suddenly rushing down the stalls gangway waving his sword evoked a disconcerting—if possibly blasphemous—suggestion that he was thirsty and his destination the buffet.

Music is supplied by gramophone records of a choir. Most of it is effective, though some, I think, anachronistic. If the tune known in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* as "O Worship the King, All-Glorious Above" was sung in Canterbury Cathedral in 1174, I'll eat my biretta.

"Moonshine."—The stage Irishman of the olden days, who stuck a clay pipe in his hat, waved a shillelagh, danced a jig, and shouted "the top o' the marning to yez" has vanished. But the notion that the Irish are a nation of comedians (and not the rather grim folk they are in reality) has by no means vanished from the contemporary theatre. There seems also to be the notion among some of our writers that if one writes for a cast of competent Irish actors and actresses it matters scarcely at all what one writes.

Mr. A. G. Thornton, the author of *Moonshine*, at the Ambassadors Theatre, is a clever journalist who has fallen into this error. He is fortunate in having his farce played by a company headed by Miss Maire O'Neill and Mr. Arthur Sinclair, who is much more than a competent actor and very nearly a great one. These two have to hold Mr. Thornton's baby, which, like the housemaid's, is only a little one. The actions of small babies are necessarily limited, and so is the action of this play. Not nearly enough happens. Much is said; but not even the combined brogues and overwhelming personalities of Miss O'Neill and Mr. Sinclair can make most of it more than just slightly amusing.

I would not say that this yarn about an Englishman hailed in an Irish country pub as a descendant of the Kings of Munster, a kidnapping by Republicans, and the winning of the Irish Sweep by what I suppose one should call "a broth of a bhoy" ever bored me. The atmosphere is picturesque, the acts are short, and Mr. Thornton has at times a neat way with him, which suggests that he might write a good play at any moment. *Moonshine*, however, sadly needs a dash of moonshine whisky to enliven it.

Pretty Miss Esme Gullan is a broth of a girl (does one have broths of girls?); but her brogue, combined with a trick of whispering, made her frequently quite inaudible. Mr. Niall MacInnis was quite a lovable spalpeen (whatever that may be), and Mr. Richard Littledale, as the lonely Englishman, seemed at his ease in those exclusively and, I imagine, authentically Hibernian surroundings.

"The Painted Smile."—Among the many theatrical superstitions is one to the effect that plays about circuses are fore-doomed to failure. That most circus plays have failed is true, though I believe *The Circus Girl* was a big success at the old Gaiety. Most matter-of-fact people, however, will prefer to believe that the failures were not due to their subject but to the fact that they were bad plays, and they will be right.

As one of those who, unlike Dame Laura Knight, are able to resist the fascination of the ring, the performing animals, the *haute école* business, and those appallingly unfunny clowns, I would sooner see a play about a circus than the circus itself. I would even sooner see a bad play about a circus than a good circus.

The Painted Smile at the New Theatre is a good play about what I suspect must have been a very bad circus. If it is not likely to run for a year, it should, with any luck, put paid to the above-mentioned superstition. It is not particularly exciting, and although it has a murder it could not by any stretch of imagination be called a "thriller". And it ends so suddenly and unsatisfactorily that most people expected another act; a tribute to the play's quality is that those people, I fancy, also wanted another act.

The material is largely familiar, the most familiar portion of it being the clown, whose painted face, in the equally familiar phrase, has behind it a broken heart. Perhaps one day we shall have a play about a clown whose heart is not broken, though I doubt it. Perhaps it is actually true that all circus clowns really do have broken hearts, and that is why they are invariably so tedious. One of the clowns in this play read Schopenhauer which did not tend to make him funnier.

Such plot as there is concerns the murder of a trapeze artiste. Suspicion falls on a girl roller-skater, neatly and naturally played by London's latest leading lady, Miss Greta Gynt, who, for some odd reason, does not come from Mittel-Europa but from Norway. But the mystery of the murder is never solved. More interesting are the characters—among them the ringmaster (Mr. Aubrey Dexter), a fat clown (Mr. Stanley Vilven), and a drunken journalist suffering from unrequited love (Mr. Walter Hudd). These chat and moon around in a Tchekovian and rather dismal fashion. But they are real and their reality gives the play its charm.

IDYLL ON THE ISIS IN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FRATERNITY FILM AT THE EMPIRE: The very entertaining Metro-Goldwyn Mayer film, *A Yank at Oxford*, has a double pull. For the American public see their athletic hero, impersonated by Mr. Robert Taylor, literally cutting a dashing figure on the playing fields of Oxford while the British audience sees the steadying influence of Oxford triumphantly asserting itself. Above are Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan on the Isis

A FEMININE BATTLE OF WITS AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: Adrianne Allen gives a brilliant performance in *Plan for a Hostess*, Thomas Browne's light comedy, as Griselda Taunton who by ill-fortune gets under the thumb of the scheming wife, Germaine Cave, acted by Yvonne Arnaud (on right). The latter is here seen putting up one of her dangerous propositions to the unfortunate Griselda

THE YOUNG PEOPLE IN "PLAN FOR A HOSTESS": William Douglas-Home as Johnny Greystoke and Jacqueline Squire, the talented daughter of Ronald Squire, as Mabel Cave provide some very true-to-life young person conversation

You certainly cannot get through this summer without one or two good prints, and at the head of this page is an excellent early version, bright and gay, but not too summery to wear at Easter. The dress is cut all in one, the skirt in navy wool georgette, and the top, with its waistcoat points below the waist, in crepe patterned with multi-coloured flowers arranged in stripes. It comes from the Suit and Ensemble department at Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W., costs 6 guineas, and is made also in brown, saxe blue, and black

Romance is the thing that matters at night. Every famous dress designer this spring has robbed those periods in history when women were most elegant, most beautiful, and most sought. Which means that you are going to see many Empire dresses, clinging closely to the figure and spreading gently outwards at the hem, their tiny high bodices accenting the bust. On the right is a charming frock of the Empire period, made in black net and Chantilly lace over a taffeta foundation. The lace is used for the bodice and for the tiny frills edging the veiled shoulders and the hem. It costs only 70s. in the Debutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and it is made as well in a pale coral pink, a delicate turquoise, royal blue, and white

Paris is crazy about bows in the hair, especially when they are made of exquisitely embroidered ribbon. Here is a charming coiffure by Aubry with a stiff bow of old-fashioned brocaded ribbon

It is always exciting when a new young designer makes a brilliant début, and at Neil Roger's opening the room was filled with eager ejaculations and admiring sighs as model after model appeared, charming and "different" in that mysteriously subtle way that women so much desire.

It is partly the way in which he uses colour, and partly the clear-cut individuality of his style. His salon at 9, Great Newport Street, is small, but there is something so charming and so vital about his Gothic scheme of decoration, with its comfortingly modern chairs and its one surrealist painting that one is immediately affected by it. His colour scheme is white, black, and yellow

On the right is one of his interesting day coats, This model is made in black ottoman silk and claret coloured duvetyn, the silk being used for back and front panels, and for the sleeves. It is a classically simple redingote, slender waisted and beautifully cut, and it is worn over a black romaine dress with fringed epaulettes and two rows of wide fringe on the skirt—one at the hem, and the other accenting the straight close-fitting tunic line.

Here is a young man who is full of ideas—one of the best of which is that he is going to make clothes that have all the individuality and cachet of models at really reasonable prices.

A Page for Women

EASTER PARADE

THE new hairdressings are still on the up and up, and if you want to wear them successfully you have got to develop a new technique. The majority of women to-day have learned how to comb their hair. Dealing with hundreds of curls has taught them that.

Brushing the hair is what is going to count now, for if you want it to stay up when its natural tendency is to hang down, that is the only way to train it. The more you brush it the more amenable it will prove.

Quite possibly you will not want to wear your hair swept up from the back right over the crown of the head, and clustered in curls on the top. It is not everybody's style, though it is enchanting on people whom it suits.

But, unless you are the most determined die-hard you are fairly certain to have the ends lifted away from the face and sides, perhaps with the back hair swept right across the head with the ends curved upwards.

And at night, take your courage in your hands and wear bows in your hair. Maybe you think they are only for the very young? They need not be. Chanel can give them an air of sophistication that adds the last touch of elegance to a superbly simple dress, or, equally, she can tie bows of pale gold lamé in the hair of a debutante so that they add a last fairy-like touch to a picture frock of drifting tulle and shimmering sequins.

In fact, she likes them all the time. In stiff taffettas by day. In taffettas or velvet or brocade at night, when often she heightens their effect by adding sequined veils which softly cover bare shoulders.

There can be no doubt that romance has gone to our heads. What with wreaths of flowers in the evening, and flower trimmed hats by day, only the most perfect of skins will look really well. The thing to do is to begin now, giving it a little attention each day. In a very little while it will improve amazingly, especially if it is rather dry after the winds of winter. Feed it well with a nourishing cream, and once a week treat it with a masque or a special lotion which has a whitening and refining effect.

WHEN BARRIE Played CRICKET

The Sale of a Number of Intimate Works by the Late Sir James Barrie, including "The Allahakbarrie Book of Broadway Cricket" on Monday Next at Sotheby's, Lends Special Interest to this Series of Informal Snapshots of Members of the Famous Team in Action (see also following page)

THE ALLAHAKBARRIE TEAM INDULGING IN A LITTLE IMPROMPTU PRACTICE AT FARNHAM: When this early snapshot was taken Barrie himself appears to be at the wicket and an extraordinary field has been placed in order to meet the author's wily play with the willow

RESTING AT BLACKWATER: Here J. M. Barrie, be-capped, and in a setting of fiercely patterned wallpaper, carpet, couch and table is taking his ease in his bungalow at Blackwater

THE AUTHOR OF "A WINDOW IN THRUMS" MAKES AN APPEAL: Sir James Barrie is here seen appealing for a verdict from the umpire, but the case seems to be a very clear one. The pitch is very rough, being the unshaven lawn of Augustine Birrell's country villa

A FAMOUS CHARACTER FROM "PETER PAN": Dunner, Barrie's dog, known to thousands of children owing to his association with the Darlings

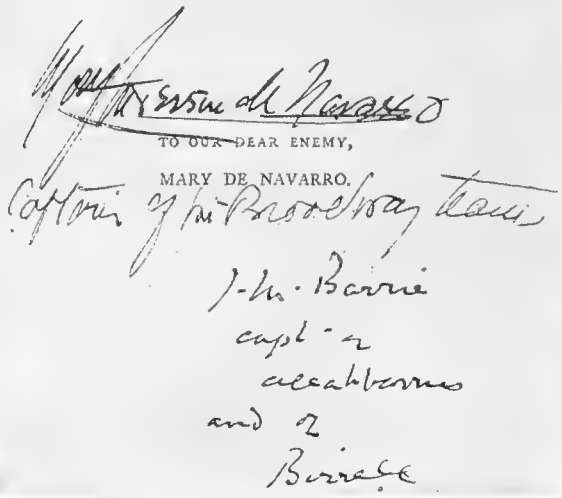
AUGUSTINE BIRRELL HOLDS A DETERMINED BAT: Here again the players of the Allahakbarrie team are at the Birrell villa. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the well-known novelist, is smoking at the wicket!

A FAIR INVADER: Although there were no lady members of the Allahakbarrie cricket team, Miss Irene Vanbrugh was allowed to put in a little practice though obviously not specially attired for the game

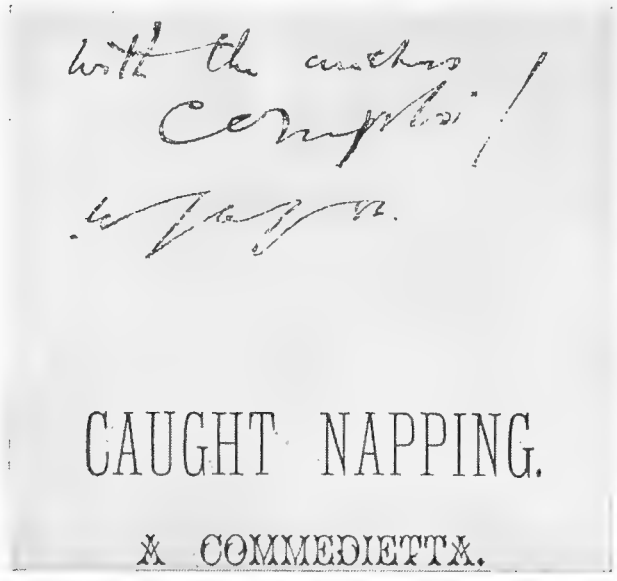
MRS. H. B. IRVING AT THE WICKET: Here is another fair player on the Birrell lawn. It was from Mrs. H. B. Irving that Barrie conceived the idea of Mrs. Darling, the mother of Peter Pan

J. M. BARRIE'S FAMOUS CRICKET TEAM

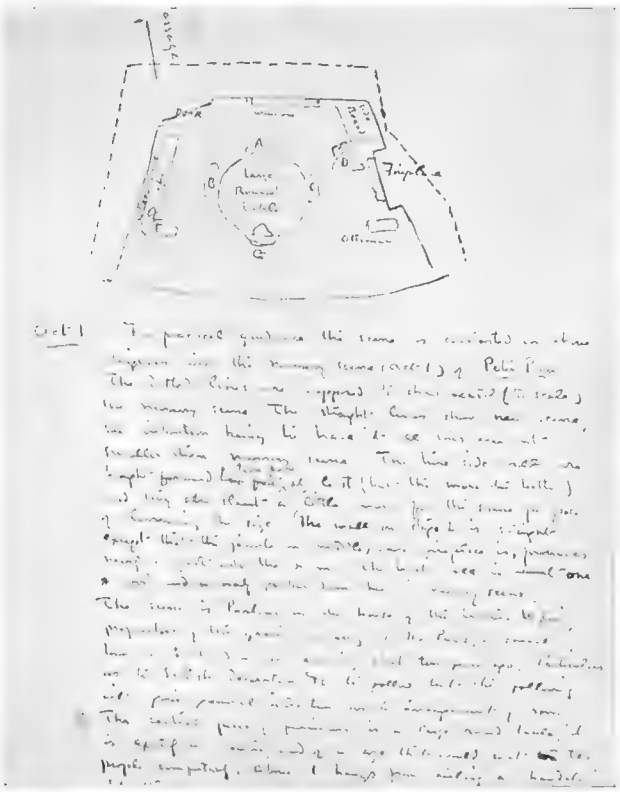
111 [BARRIE (SIR J. M.)] THE ALLAHAKBARRIE BOOK OF BROADWAY CRICKET FOR 1899, FIRST EDITION, *one of 50 copies, vellum wrapper* *Privately Printed*, 1899



BARRIE'S BOOK ON THE ALLAHAKBARRIE CRICKET TEAM: More than one copy of this rare booklet which was privately printed in 1899 come into the market on Monday next. This particular copy is inscribed in a way which should materially increase its interest. The dedication page is signed "Mary Anderson de Navarro, Captain of the Broadway team." One page is ruled off and signed by each member of the team with scores, e.g., Owen Seaman 15, Bernard Partridge 0, W. M. Meredith 5, J. M. Barrie 8, A. E. W. Mason 0, Augustine Birrell 4



BARRIE'S FIRST PLAY: A copy of *Caught Napping* is also to be offered at Messrs. Sotheby's. It was printed in the *Nottingham Journal* when the author was a leader writer



THE MANUSCRIPT OF "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS": There is considerable deletion and re-writing on every page of the manuscript, which includes very elaborate stage directions and a carefully executed plan of the set as shown here. The text differs widely from the version published in later years. The manuscript has been sent to the saleroom by Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare)

KING ZOG'S SISTERS AT WINDSOR: The King of Albania's three sisters seen on the occasion of their visit to their younger sister, Princess Denuth, aged fifteen, who is a student at Heathfield School, Windsor. After taking tea together the four sisters went for a drive in Windsor Great Park

THE MAORI CHOIR SEE THE KING: Members of the Waiati Maori Choir, who have been touring this country, leaving Buckingham Palace in their quaint attire after being received by the King and Queen on Wednesday of last week, the day before they left for home

MISS NONA VAN DAMM daughter of Vivian Van Damm, the producer of *Revudeville* at the Windmill Theatre, at a recent meet of the Southdown Foxhounds at Fulmer

VICTORIOUS DEPARTURE: Mrs. Marion Scott, the owner of Battleship, the Grand National winner, at Waterloo on her way to New York on the Wednesday following her horse's triumph

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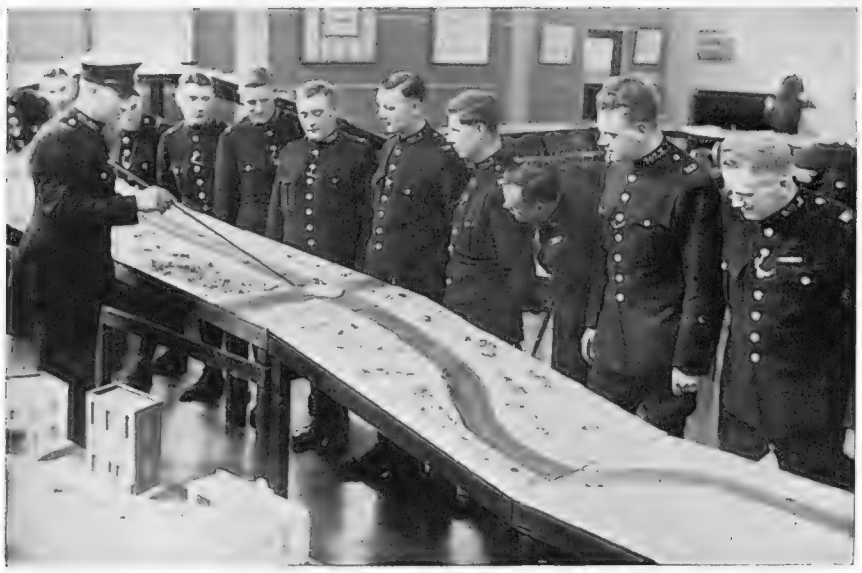

PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER TRAFFIC: Members of the mobile branch of the Metropolitan Police receiving a lesson on a traffic problem with the aid of a large-scale model of a main road at the Mobile Police Training School at Hendon, London. The number of new driving licence holders it is estimated, will cause a traffic increase of at least 42 per cent. this summer

THE VALUE OF EXPERIMENTATION

The Huge Sums Spent by Vauxhall's in Building and Equipping a Big Experimental Department

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE man in the street buys a Vauxhall car, probably for a sum under £300, and he gets a very efficient, comfortable, silent vehicle. He probably pictures to himself a factory in which hundreds of these cars are made and assembled and he imagines that the price he has paid represents a so-much iron, steel, aluminium alloy and many other materials designed and shaped so that the assembled unit gives him satisfactory motoring.

He is probably amazed that a car of this nature can be sold at such a low price. His amazement, however, would be infinitely greater if he knew of the large sums of money sunk in capital and also paid out in salaries and wages to a huge staff just in experimentation. Frankly, I must admit that I had no idea that Vauxhall's had just spent £175,000 on erecting and equipping a building solely for their Experimental Department. Actually, this is a factory within a factory and has nothing whatever to do with the actual job of production.

It is an immense factory and judging by what I saw during a recent tour there is no part of a Vauxhall car that is not tested almost to destruction. Parts of this factory are nothing more or less than torture chambers for mechanical parts.

Springs, wheel-hubs, suspension, engines, brakes, and all the other hundred and one parts that go to make a motor car were to be seen in the process of being grossly ill-treated. These various processes are carefully watched, times taken to the utmost limit, and any sign of a breakdown is carefully noted. In this new factory there is a drawing office as big as a fair-sized factory itself. There are hot rooms and cold rooms in which the effects of temperatures are noted.

We all know that the Vauxhall Ten is one of the most economical cars on petrol produced to-day, but this is not surprising when a visitor can see in the experimental factory a whole department devoted to measuring and weighing the amount of petrol and air passing through a carburettor at various throttle openings. Obviously all this care pays for itself by ensuring that a thoroughly reliable car is produced, but it strikes me that the cost must be colossal, and it is, therefore, all the more surprising that the price of the finished article is so low.

Every motorist knows how difficult it is to see pedestrian crossings in daylight, but when night falls the anxiety of the motorist is immensely increased. When the famous Belisha beacons were first erected it was hoped that the now familiar orange bowl would be illuminated after dark, but that was not to be, with the result that drivers are always anxious as to whether they have obeyed the regulations or have inadvertently passed over crossings and thereby hindered pedestrians wishing to pass from one pavement to another.

Whilst motoring the other evening from Aldershot to Woking I noticed a new type of stud which is used on the road to mark the passageway for pedestrians. Approaching it with the headlights on, the crossing looked like a series of brightly illuminated glow-worms. Apparently, the studs sunk in the road were fitted with tiny reflex mirrors, and they were so efficient that no one sitting behind the steering wheel could have missed them. Undoubtedly, this is an excellent idea and, so far as I can see, there are no drawbacks. Whether the studs were higher than usual I cannot say, but I passed over three or four of these crossings and certainly noticed no bump or jolt.

In some districts these tiny reflex mirrors are inset in the bordering kerb. Whether these kerb and pedestrian crossing studs are purely experimental or not I am unable to say but I feel quite certain that their universal adoption would make night-driving safer and more pleasant. Now that the Ministry of Transport has jurisdiction over our main highways it is a little difficult to understand why these improvements should appear only in certain districts.

We have heard a lot lately about certain recommendations regarding cyclists which have been made to the Minister of Transport. The old question of rear lights has again cropped up and no doubt the great energetic bodies that look after the interests of cyclists will once again fight the suggestion tooth and nail. In the old days their most telling argument was that no tail-lamp then made could be guaranteed to keep alight, and if a cyclist was run down and the tail-lamp was found to be out it was assumed that responsibility for the accident would be laid on the shoulders of the cyclist. To-day, I should think that the great majority of cyclists use an electric front-lamp and that being the case there seems to be little difficulty in keeping a tail-lamp alight if the same source of light is used. The expense of such a fitting is very small indeed.

Amongst the millions of cyclists there are a number of riders who perform strange antics on the road. I feel perfectly certain that they ride three abreast and dart hither and thither because they imagine that the drivers of all motor cars they are likely to meet are good drivers.

I may not be very popular amongst my fellow motorists when I tell those cyclists that there are quite a number of thoroughly dangerous drivers in the motoring community. If cyclists would only appreciate that fact I feel certain they would take no undue risks on the road, and what is more they would do everything in their power to make it easier for these none-too-clever drivers to avoid them.

Cyclists may say to me, if it is a fact that there are a number of poor motor car drivers, why are they not rounded up and put in the cells? Then there would be no necessity for us to carry tail-lamps or to refrain from travelling three abreast.

The obvious answer is that the bad motor driver does not wear a pink hat or pale blue tie or any other label that makes him look different from the good and careful motorist. If anyone can suggest a method that would enable the goats to be separated from the sheep we motorists would be only too pleased to have knowledge of it.

That enterprising body, the Junior Car Club, recently held a rally at Brooklands and submitted the cars entered to a series of very informative tests. Amongst these each competitor had to travel over a half-mile at speed. The various classes were given different minimum speeds which they had to exceed in order to pass that particular test, but as each competitor was also given an official signed certificate of his speed it is safe to assume that every driver pushed his throttle hard down.

The results of this test were quite surprising. Amongst the larger cars very few came within 10 m.p.h. of their reputed maximum. Either the average speedometer is far more optimistic than we appreciate or these cars in question were out of tune. The latter assumption will not, I fear, hold water because the great majority of the entrants in this rally were young enthusiasts who probably spend every available moment of their spare time in hotting up their engines. I am afraid, therefore, that the blame must be placed on the speedometer, which brings me to the question, is a false speedometer a good advertisement? Manufacturers may be inclined to argue that an error of seven to ten miles an hour at speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. and lower errors at the lower speeds matter little, because the fault is common to most cars. It is a little difficult to see how the trouble could be eradicated unless all manufacturers concerned agreed to fit only accurate speedometers but, even then, we should have the strange situation that owners of old models would be boasting that their veterans were faster than the more recent productions.

Frankly, it looks to me as if the evil had grown to such an extent that it would now defy all efforts to cure it. If I were responsible for selling a sports car I would give every customer a signed official certificate that that particular car had achieved such-and-such a speed at Brooklands or elsewhere under official observation.

Motorists who are thinking of taking their cars to France this year should obtain a copy of a booklet recently issued by the French railways regarding the transport of private motor cars over their system. This publication shows how passengers on the French railways can obtain the free transport of their car for the same return or circular journey as that which they are making themselves, provided the total amount paid for their tickets represents a charge of at least 1½ francs per kilometre or they pay a sum which would bring it up to that figure.

In practice, four 1st-class, five 2nd-class, or six 3rd-class ordinary return or circular tickets are sufficient to secure the free transport of a car. In addition, particulars are given in this booklet of the usual rates charged for the transport of cars by fast and ordinary goods trains. This booklet is available at the French Railways National Touring Office, 179, Piccadilly, London, W.1, or from the motoring organisations and the travel and forwarding agents.

WITH A DAIMLER IN INDIA: A view of the Daimler Light Straight Eight, which the Viscountess Chetwynd took with her on a recent trip to India, side by side with the traditional method of transport in India. Lady Chetwynd, who is an enthusiastic motorist, raced at Brooklands and Le Mans in 1928–33

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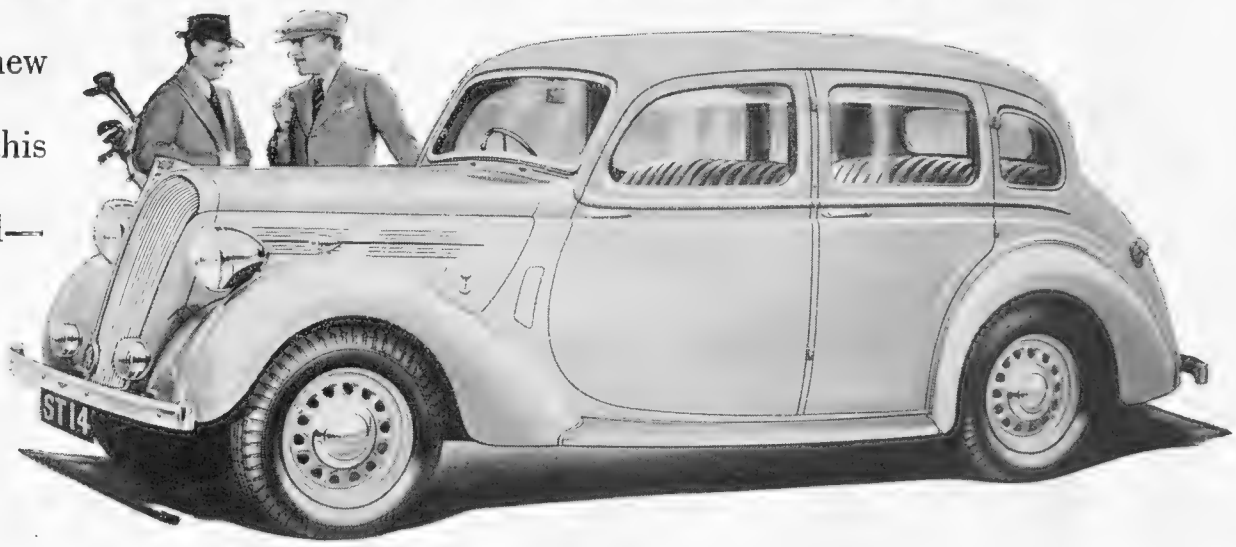

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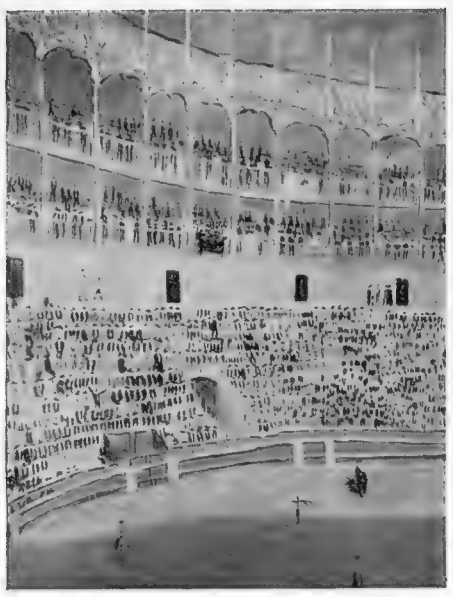

A YOUNG ARTIST'S FIRST EXHIBITION: At the Palser Gallery, 27, King Street, St. James's, there is on view a collection of oil paintings by Miss Susan Palmer, whose work shows both accomplishment and promise of good things to come. Her landscape work ranges geographically from Brighton and the English provinces to Italy and Spain. Reproduced here are the "Bull Fight, Spain" and "S. Maria dell Orto, Rome", a brilliant study of a golden alcove. The exhibition remains open another week

CAN THESE MEN UNIFY FRANCE? (*Continued from page* 60)

on. When each new labour crisis descends, it is always MM. Gignoux and Jouhaux who are at once summoned by the current Premier to the Hôtel Matignon for talks.

There are more than 7,000 general agreements between employers and employed in various trades and districts all over the country, and the result is one incessant mess and class struggle as emphasised by such things as stay-in strikes.

Thorez, the Communist leader, is one of our "pivotal" company, as mainly behind this social trouble.

The national importance of MM. Gignoux and Jouhaux need not, therefore, be stressed. The former is a smiling economist who has become the mouthpiece of big and little business. The second is a big and jovial man with imperial beard. He is all for linking with Moscow but I have heard that Moscow looks askance at its admirer since he accepted from M. Blum a fat job on the board of directors of the Bank of France. Jouhaux is a great artist of the table as I noticed when once seated next to him at Geneva. Jouhaux is an immensely powerful man and personality, with over 4,000,000 responding to his "advice." Just now he is having a rough passage with some of his own, who shout him down with roars of "action! action!" meaning intervention in, or, at any rate, armaments for Governmental Spain. To which Jouhaux shouts back: "one must ponder these things carefully."

Léon Blum, Alsatian Jew and former littérateur, aged 67, has more enemies than any man in France, real enemies. The Socialists no longer automatically line up behind him, as throughout his heretofore leadership. It is said he has become an opportunist. The Right detests him for his having introduced all the latterday Labour and social legislation, including the 40-hour week. Others hate him because he once said he hated them. Others, again, because they say that it is about as good seeking peace with Hitler, with a Jew as French Premier, as it is looking for salmon in the Sahara.

Lastly MM. Paul-Boncour and Flandin. The first, as Foreign Minister, has chalked up against him that he once in the long ago called Mussolini a "Caesar of Carnival". A white-haired, handsome, Robespierre type, he is a successful lawyer when not in office. Daudet jeers at him as "the peacock". Boncour stands for the League, collective security, and forthright policy in regard to Czechoslovakia, bring what it may.

THE DANUBIAN BASIN (*Continued from page* 69)

products, including wheat from Hungary, oil from Rumania, copper, lead and zinc from Yugoslavia—and also Yugoslav and Rumanian agricultural and live stock produce—and tobacco and cotton and silk cocoons from Bulgaria.

In the light of these facts, it gives much food for thought when one recalls the great efforts which were made during post-war years, on the part of London bankers, to bring about the financial reconstruction of Central Europe. Good money was thrown after bad, into Germany, Austria, and Hungary. By means of League loans Austria was kept alive during the immediate post-war period. By living sparsely, she paid her way. Now it seems that all the benefits of Genevan benevolence and the City's optimism are about to be garnered by Greater Germany.

Germany's position of vantage for the politico-economic domination of the Danubian Basin leads many experienced observers of that part of the world to believe that Herr Hitler's next move will not be a war against Czechoslovakia but the development of his plans for economic expansion and political influence in Hungary and the Balkans. By these means Germany might essay an economic strangulation of Czechoslovakia. To make a military attack on the Czechoslovak Republic now might lead to serious trouble, and it may be doubted whether the German General Staff is yet prepared to make that gamble. But for the present political and economic pressure are the more likely weapons.

The position of Hungary is by no means an easy one at the moment. Germany might offer to support her revisionist claims, but at the price of reducing her to a German sphere of influence. Powerful support for Hungarian revisionism is an attractive proposition to some Hungarian circles, but the present Hungarian Government is realistic and does not undervalue the dangers of going completely into the German orbit. Hence it is not surprising that there are now renewed conversations between Budapest and Bucharest.

C. F. Melville

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Never a day passes but what fresh applicants are received by this Society for the admission of children into their Homes. One pathetic case speaks volumes for the need of such Homes today. "Jackie," whose two sisters have already been admitted into the Girls' Home, has just been received into the little Boys' Home. Their mother is dying of cancer, and the father is suffering from war disability and nervous trouble, but with no disability pension (though one is being tried for). Both parents are extremely fond of the family, and it is only sheer illness and inability to pay someone to look after them which made them part with the children. Funds are most urgently needed to carry on this work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls, so please send an Easter Egg in the shape of a donation for such children as these. Your donation will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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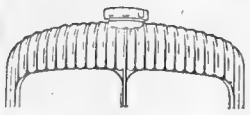

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THIS fascinating book, **THE THREE LADIES WALDEGRAVE** (Peter Davies. 15s.) tells the stories of three enchanting people and of their no less admirable mother. After the death of her husband, Lord Waldegrave, Maria was left with three young daughters and very few assets beyond the dazzling good looks of the whole little family.

Maria, Countess Waldegrave

Colonel Edward Walpole

Violet Biddulph tells in the volume just published by Peter Davies the story of the famous sisters who are remembered to-day very largely on account of the beautiful group which Sir Joshua Reynolds painted of them seated round

Her prospects, however, were better than might have been expected. It was generally supposed that she would remarry and no less a personage than the Duke of Portland was known to have proposed. He was refused not from caprice, but because Maria had a new and more august suitor, the Duke of Gloucester himself, brother to George III.

The story of the Duke and his tempestuous Duchess is well known. Their marriage, although secret for some years, was discovered and admitted by both, and the king, although he never gave the couple his approval, remained devoted to his brother, and perfectly fair in his treatment of Maria, who with succeeding years became a definite, if still lovely problem to her husband and her friends. Maria's chief characteristic was probably her ambition, and in furthering this she made many enemies and alienated many friends. Her uncle, Horace Walpole, alone remained a faithful ally, although from the fastnesses of Strawberry Hill he allowed himself an occasional and caustic opinion.

As was again to be expected, all Maria's daughters married well, to Lord Chewton, to Lord Euston, and to Captain Conway, who was Keeper of the Privy Purse and Master of the Robes. In the famous Reynolds portrait of them which Miss Violet Biddulph has reproduced together with a number of other portraits, they seem to justify the nickname which was inevitably theirs, of "the three Graces."

It is chiefly from the sisters' letters and from the letters of their mother and of Horace Walpole that Miss Biddulph has drawn her material, and when, as often occurs, these letters are quoted, they give a delightful picture of a period which had wit, elegance, and at the same time brutality, in its composition. Miss Biddulph has captured some of that elegance and not a little of the wit.

There is a highly polished finish about Miss Pearl Buck's **THIS PROUD HEART** (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) which I hesitate to compare with anything as utilitarian as chromium, but which has some of that excellent metal's brightness and surface.

Given a pretty American girl, born to the conventional life of a small town, and given a suitable early marriage with one of that small town's steadiest young men Miss Buck has contrived a story which thereafter leaves the conventions to themselves, and never provides the expected or the banal solution. In spite of which originality of design there is a high gloss over the whole affair, a vaguely familiar gloss, and one that I have only just recognised.

It is the standardised technique of the success story, as expressed in magazine fiction, and, more commonly, magazine advertisements. Here is the heartening fairy story *dénouement* of the girl (or man) who made good by application or by having a lovely nature or by spending five dollars on a new hat, the whole point being that an individual has triumphed through his (or her) own initiative. In the case of Miss Buck's story this is an unfair analogy,

King Louis XIV by Charles Le Brun

These two illustrations are from Dorothy McDougall's new volume, Madeleine of Scudéry *(Methuen). It tells the story of a remarkable woman of the period of Louis XIV*

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Reynolds' Picture of the Three Sisters Waldegrave

a table, each one occupied at a different pursuit. The narrative also deals very largely with the story of their mother, Maria, who, after the death of Lord Waldegrave, was married to the Duke of Gloucester

however, since the author deals with the serious achievements of sculpture and home-making.

The trouble with Susan Gaylord, from my point of view, was that from Miss Buck's point of view she had no drawbacks. She did everything well—just that. She sped through her household duties and had time left over to do her mother's as well. She brought her children up healthily and affectionately. She made her own clothes. Her touch on the piano was as sensitive and light as her hand with pastry and she became the greatest and certainly the most beautiful living woman sculptor.

So successful was she in fact that I was hard put to it to believe in her moments of self-doubt, which the author occasionally gives her by way of prelude to a fresh and scintillating triumph. Needless to say, though husbands die and are unfaithful and friends are sometimes a trifle cool, Susan wins through to solitary fame and a deep inner contentment. She is the prototype of all success stories and as always with such literature, under whatever heading it appears, you will find it impossible not to read.

Madeleine de Scudéry (died aged 95)

and his predecessor, of her relations with Paul Pellisson, the famous author of the History of the Academy, and many another adventure in the palpitating life of 17th-century France

One of the best books about flying that I have read since *Vol de Nuit* is Mr. Nicolas Bodington's SOLO (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). It consists of three unrelated stories, unrelated that is except that they show three sides of the same experience.

In the first one, a young man is flying alone across the Atlantic, out to break records and put up a few new ones, courageous and defiant and lonely. He swoops down thousands of feet through the clouds, dives between the masts of a liner, circles over a Paris aerodrome and, on his return journey, loses consciousness over the Atlantic. That story alone is a little *tour de force*. The writer evokes his atmosphere so vividly that it seems that it is to you that all this is happening; the side-slips, the loops, the climbing, the humming and crackling of the wireless, the final crash and oblivion.

Like one of those intolerably thrilling films of stunt flying, during which you never quite have time to decide whether you will shut your eyes and keep your peace of mind, or leave them open and not lose a second of the excitement, the reader is swept along too fast for judgment or pity or anything but the most violent impressions of noise and speed and danger. And all this conveyed by the most economical prose. Quite a feat, Mr. Bodington!

The background of Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis' new novel is big business, and big business on such a scale that it tends to weigh down what would otherwise be a mildly interesting and very human story. "Consolidated Scientific Products," the rallying point for the Morphew family, the source of their fortunes and the object of their ambitions, is one of those modern phenomena, a huge commercial organisation with a staff of more or less gifted scientists, any of whose discoveries immediately become the copyright of the firm.

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(Continued on page 92)

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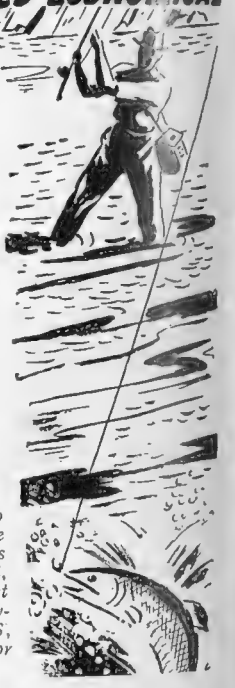

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IN THE RESTORED PARTHENON: Much restoration of the fallen columns has been carried out during recent years. Some of those re-erected from the drums which scattered the enclosure are distinguishable by their lighter colouring

WHERE THE GODS DWELT

The Fascination of Ancient and Modern Greece

GREECE with its jagged coastline and many islands has always been the despair of the schoolboy map-maker. He does not picture what beauty they create in a sea of deepest blue. Nor can he visualise the majesty of Olympus, where the gods of old lived in splendour; of Parnassus which inspired poetry and song, and to the Greeks was the centre of the earth; or Helicon, also favoured by the gods and the nine Muses, the goddesses of learning and the arts.

Let us come down to earth. If it were possible to strip Greece of all its classical associations it would still be a land enticing to the traveller for its scenery, the tonic of its air, and the cordiality of its picturesque people. Nevertheless, you cannot escape its links with antiquity and when you first see Athens your attention is riveted on the hill of the Acropolis. The claim that it is the finest site in the world is not extravagant and the Parthenon dedicated to Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom and the special protectress of Athens, with its great marble columns has widespread support as the finest building. There, too, are the Erechtheum, a temple dedicated to Poseidon, the ruler of the sea, and the Temple of Nike.

From the hill itself you get a commanding view of the city. It is well laid out and modern for the most part, but here and there stand out stately reminders of its earlier greatness. It is well to remember that the past forty years have seen much history written in this part of the world, and the great war was only one of a number of campaigns in which the country was involved. There have been internal changes, too, but it has progressed through them all and to-day there is evidence of that enterprise in schemes carried through on up-to-date lines.

Marathon, for instance, is a name associated with long distance running. You remember how it attained fame, when the Persian army landed there nearly 500 years B.C. The Athenian force, greatly outnumbered, was hard pressed and a runner was sent out to invoke the aid of Sparta away in the peninsula of Peloponnesus. Before help came the Athenians had routed the Persians and one of the sights is the tumulus built on the battlefield to hold the ashes of the defenders who fell.

That is the Marathon of yesterday; to-day the name is identified with the water works of Athens! Those water works are worth a visit. They are built of white marble and at the foot of the enormous dam is a beautiful replica of the Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi. That was a name to conjure with once upon a time. The most important oracle, that of Apollo, was at Delphi at the foot of Parnassus. The relics of this sacred centre of unrivalled splendour are few but priceless. Delphi is a two days' motor excursion from Athens and on the way Daphni, with its beautiful Byzantine architecture and mosaics of the seventeenth century, is one of the places for a halt.

It is a much longer journey, but well worth while, to go on from Delphi to Larissa, the chief town of Thessaly, and from there to visit the Vale of Tempe between Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa. Another journey from Larissa is to the monasteries of Meteora, perched high on rocky pinnacles. You go as far as Kalambaka by car—it is also the end of the railway—and continue by mule. On the way back to Athens, having capitulated long before this to the atmosphere of ancient Greece, you will probably want to make a stop at the pass of Thermopylae where, ten years after the Marathon affair, the Persian host under Xerxes was held up by the Athenians and Spartans.

Ultimately they broke through and the Spartan leader, Leonidas and his 1,400 men who held the pass, were wiped out. The invaders overran the part of the country you have been seeing. They reached Athens, burned it and the inhabitants took refuge in the islands nearby. Then disaster overtook Xerxes. His fleet was destroyed by the Greeks off Salamis and one of the places to visit not far from Athens is the hill on which the Persian King is reputed to have wept.

A page of more modern history might have been turned by pushing on from the Vale of Tempe—the railway goes that way—to Thessalonika, second only in importance and interest to Athens. Wartime associations have made it the most familiar town in all Greece, and many of our people have none too pleasant first-hand impressions of it. In these days however, its charm would win them—white walls, domes and minarets; cypresses, elms, and mulberries conspire to that end.

On the ashes of the great fire of 1917 has arisen a beautiful city, but you cannot help being struck by the fact that so many of its links with antiquity escaped destruction. While at Thessalonika Mount Athos will compel a visit. On this "mystic mountain" are a score of Byzantine monasteries and the whole place is inhabited by monks and hermits. Travellers are made welcome.

We must return now to the capital for there is much to see in the Peloponnesus, joined to the mainland by the narrow Isthmus of Corinth, and even that is cut through by canal. There is Corinth itself to be seen—a city which once rivalled Rome. A railway runs along a considerable part of the coastline serving Mycenae associated with Agamemnon, and many places rich in relics of the past. From Argos there is a road out to Epidaurus which has a very famous theatre, acoustically perfect.

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM: This octagonal building in Athens is known as the Tower of the Winds and is decorated below the upper cornice with a series of reliefs representing the various winds, the names of which are indicated by inscriptions

In the south is Sparta which led the keep-fit movement of its time, and towards the western shore is Olympia where the Games originated. Mention of the Games reminds me that one of the sights of modern Athens is the Panathenaic Stadium where the Olympiads were revived in 1896. It is built of Pentelic marble.

Having steeped yourself in the antiquity of the mainland you may be tempted to retire to one of the islands to reflect upon it all; Corfu perhaps, jewel of seven Ionian islands. It also has its place in the classics. If the appetite for antiquity is still unappeased Crete, the largest of the Greek islands, offers a gargantuan feast, for there, under King Minos flourished an even older civilisation. Only this century has the evidence of its wonders been brought to light. The treasures of the Minoan period have been collected in the museum of the capital, Candia, and it is possible to see them and the site of the excavations in a tour of a few days.

My map is still far from complete. There are wonderful views in the beautiful islands of the Cyclades group in the Aegean Sea, easily reached by steamer from Piraeus, the port of Athens, and many others.

In the old days I had a word for the Greeks and their coastline, but it seems a bit unkind to-day in the light of so much that is enchanting.

Beverley Brooke

ONE OF THE ISLES OF THE CYCLADES: This romantic group is well worth a visit. It includes the famous island of Naxos (linked inextricably with the name of Ariadne). The group lies to the south-east of the Athenian mainland and can be reached by local steamer. The above view shows a village on the island of Tinos

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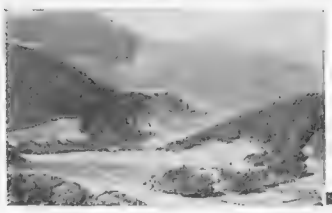

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THE VENETIAN GARDEN

In Quest of

East Anglia under Review

in Frinton and an Inn

I HAVE often, in the past, had to plead guilty, when answering letters from my SPHERE readers, to comparative ignorance of good hotels in East Anglia. And the other day I received a letter from a gentleman who assured me that East Anglia was the only possible holiday area, with such vehemence that I was intrigued, and accepted his challenge to go and see for myself.

The first place I made for was Frinton—in summer a popular, though somewhat exclusive, resort, but now a deserted and particularly attractive little seaside town. I wonder if anyone was consciously responsible for town-planning Frinton when it first grew up? If so, he has done the job exceedingly well. For I can think of few places anywhere round our coast which are more immediately attractive to the eye than is this lovely little town of greensward, cliffs, and almost immemorial trees.

Last week, when I paid my visit, I drove into Frinton on a cloudy afternoon, and as soon as I reached the sea front the sun broke out, as much as to say "Now you are here, we must do you proud." And this, too, was the impression I received at the Grand Hotel—apparently the only big hotel in Frinton which remains open all through the year.

The Grand is separated from the sea only by some 100 yards of grass, and it has been built obviously to derive the greatest possible advantage from its situation. The result is a delightful place with long windows and a multitude of verandas, each apparently designed to catch every ray of the healthy East Coast sun. Inside are charming airy rooms and an atmosphere which contrives to be slightly festive—even at the deadest season of the year.

The hotel is, of course, a great centre for sporting people—as well it may be. For Frinton is world-famous for its tennis, and there are numerous good golf courses in the neighbourhood, of which perhaps the best is the well-known Naze course at Walton, a couple of miles away.

I can imagine spending a very pleasant summer holiday here surrounded by young people, playing tennis, golfing, swimming, sailing, or just browning myself on that enticing greensward in front of the hotel. But what I cannot imagine is why people do not flock to Frinton at other times of the year than at the height of summer. For it really is a gem of a place, and anyone of my readers who cares to undertake the two hours' car drive from London, this month or next month, will have no cause to regret it.

From Frinton I had intended to drive slowly round the coast exploring all the places whose intriguing names make the map of the East Coast so exciting. But time was short, and although I was strongly tempted to stop at an inn at Holland-on-Sea, which bore the unusual

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

A delightfully situated Hotel of the ordinary at Colchester

name of the Roaring Donkey, I had to pass by. For my next halting place was to be the George at Colchester, and anybody who knows the George will not want to be late for dinner there.

The George has always been a famous hotel in this part of the world, but it is only during the last four years—since its present proprietor Mr. Mervyn Trevor took it over—that it has become quite the exciting place it is now. I imagine that nobody who drives on any of the main roads through Colchester can fail to be aware of the existence of the George. For wherever you go you will see its distinctive sign, with the slogan at the bottom, "You can always get a lobster at the George."

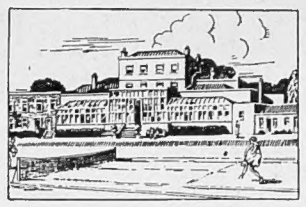
I took the opportunity of this visit to ask Mr. Trevor why he had chosen this slogan. He told me that there are a large number of people who like lobsters, and who will, in consequence of the slogan, go to the George to get them. But there are also a large number of people who, whether or not they like lobsters, will consider that a country hotel which can always supply them must be something out of the ordinary.

If Mr. Trevor succeeds in conveying this impression to people who read his signs, he is certainly conveying the right impression. For there is everything at the George. In appearance it is an old inn of the coaching house type. But you will immediately deduce as you enter the door that everything inside it is very much alive. Go there on a Saturday night like I did, and you will be told about the weekly dinner dance which, all through the winter, is one of the most popular social events in Essex. And you will be surprised, when the time comes, to find that instead of dancing on a few square feet of space which has been created by pushing the dining-room tables to one side, you are in the most magnificently equipped modern ball-room imaginable.

It is astonishing, as you sit there eating your lobster and drinking champagne perhaps — or a fine hock — surrounded by men and women in evening dress dancing to the strains of a really excellent band from London, to think that outside the windows is not Piccadilly, but the main street of Camulodunum —dating from the days of Boadicea.

I wish I could find time to tell you of the hundred other ways in which this fine old inn has been discreetly modernised. Let me only say that it is one of the most successful combinations of ancient and modern that I have yet discovered.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*



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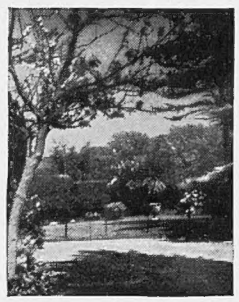

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A homely hotel run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. **A private bathroom to every bedroom** . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Terms: **4** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone Twyford 106.

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Moderate terms now include **FREE GOLF, SQUASH AND TENNIS**

Unrivalled sea view and Rock Garden 3 acres Grounds from **ONE MINUTE** from **MARINE SPA, PIER,** and **MAIN SHOPS** Central heating radiators, electric fires and H. & C. in all bedrooms.

Visitors to Park Hall tell us they like the congenial atmosphere—sunshine without, warmth within. The hotel is exceptionally comfortable facing due south with wonderful sea views from all windows. All beds fitted box springs. Vita glass sun lounge. Covered veranda. Some first floor rooms have private terraces. Special diets if required. Garage. Easter Programme now ready. Write for Illustrated Brochure P., or 'phone 3434.

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NOT AN HOTEL . . . or a Guest House, but something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with ; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room.

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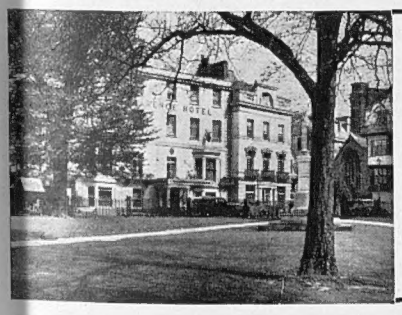

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Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

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FERRING GRANGE HOTEL NR. WORTHING

A fully licensed country house Hotel twixt Downs and sea. Special week-end terms Friday dinner to Monday breakfast 35/-, or Saturday dinner to Monday, 25/-. Bring golf clubs, Squash racquet and Riding kit. Telephone: Goring by Sea 21.

(Continued overleaf)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 87)

of his research, but that these are in fact the property of the company, he resigns his post in disgust, only relenting long enough to go back to the laboratories and steal his formulae.

In his less analytical moments Owen falls in love, and out again, with Caroline, one of the Morphew daughters, and a very puzzling young woman indeed. She is replaced by her less colourful cousin and the book ends in sober happiness by the bedside of an old Welsh aunt whose own story makes a charming sub-plot to the main theme. As this summary possibly indicates, the novel lacks cohesion and consequently the force that would make it live. The characters are credible without being interesting, which is all the more a pity since the scientific and the Left-inclined political discussions are written with such real feeling and conviction.

Mr. D. C. Cuthbertson has had the good idea of writing a guide book to Scotland, that is to say a guide book in the best sense of those rather forbidding words. He has taken the country shire by shire, given some idea of their histories and their folklore, and suggested ways of visiting them intelligently, to get the best out of them.

ROMANTIC SCOTLAND (Mackay. 7s. 6d.) interested me for two good reasons; first that it is written quietly and unpretentiously without any guide-book *clichés*, and second because it tells the average reader more about the Scotland he can see to-day than one would have imagined possible in a book of such moderate length.

It is illustrated by photographs, most of them interesting and at least three of them, of Dunnottar Castle, of the Kyle of Lochalsh and of an Argyllshire landscape, quite remarkable.

The most ordinary of ships can become an object of romance with a very little imagination, but occasionally one hears of a ship that really demands to have its history perpetuated.

One day when Mr. Frank Wead was waiting in the Boston navy yard for the return of the Byrd expedition he discovered such a ship. It came into port after a 9,000-ton freighter and looked very small in comparison, but both ships had been down to the far South together and the little *Bear* had borne her share of bad weather and ice floes and Atlantic gales. Then and there Mr. Wead decided to write her biography and **GALES, ICE, AND MEN** (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is the result.

"She is very small, only 190 ft. from bow to stern, less than 30 ft. in beam. She is one of the few ships rigged for sail left on the seas. Her three tall masts seemed very out of date. She was quite deep in the water, yet one sensed that the lines of her hull were clean and sturdy. Her bow pushed the water away with a businesslike lack of effort as she steamed towards us. There was an unmistakable air of character and pride about her."

The *Bear* was laid down in Dundee in 1873, and retired from active life only two or three years ago. In that time she has patrolled the Bering Sea, been under Admiral Byrd's command in the Antarctic, and served her apprenticeship as a Newfoundland sealer. Few ships of her size can have such a gallant record, and Mr. Wead's book is a sympathetic and at the same time racily written memorial to her—the jaunty little barkentine of the north seas.

The stories about John Brown, Queen Victoria's devoted Scots servant, are endless, and most of them fairly entertaining, unless it is that only the more absurd ones have survived.

It was at Balmoral that the Queen first noticed him and commented on him in one of her typically detailed letters, as "an invaluable Highland servant I have, who is my factotum here and takes the most wonderful care of me, combining the office of groom, footman, page, and maid, I might almost say, as he is so handy about cloaks, shawls, etc. . . . It is quite a sorrow to me to leave him behind."

Even before the death of the Prince Consort, Brown had become a figure to be reckoned with at Balmoral, and he it was who said to one of the Queen's ministers, who approached him about some fishing, "Ye'll no' be ganging fishin'. Her Majesty thinks it time ye did a bit of work."

Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall has collected all the best of these stories and, after much research, has written **QUEEN VICTORIA'S JOHN BROWN** (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.), a lively biography of that striking but not altogether likable figure. One thing, though, that seems firmly established does count in his favour, and that is his real devotion to his mistress. He had no vestige of physical fear for himself, and was more than once the hero of some feat of strength or enterprise.

After he died his private diaries were impounded and burned and the many busts of him which decorated the royal houses and palaces were destroyed. It was the culmination of a wave of unpopularity and resentment that had been growing against him for many years. Mr. Tisdall's book is entertaining and freshly written, and whatever one's opinion it cannot be denied that he has chosen a finely controversial subject.

"Scoops" can be made by reporters, beating every other newspaper in the world to an exclusive and exciting story, and they can also be made by photographs, getting pictures of people and events before any of their colleagues and, just as important, differently from any of their colleagues.

In **I GET MY PICTURE** (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.) Mr. Bert Garai tells us some of the secrets and some of the special lore of press photographers. Mr. Garai is now the head of an important international picture agency, and if anyone could be said to be thoroughly in the know it is he. Kings, prime ministers, and revolutionaries have been among his "victims", and he explains why, though it might not seem logical to the uninitiated, a "scoop" picture may equally well be the assassination of a president or a young princess playing in the nursery with her brother.

Needless to say the photographs with which he has illustrated his reminiscences are all striking, and have all been in their time of great news value. They are selected, I see, from a collection of almost two millions.

JOURNALIST'S WIFE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) tells, amongst others, the story of how Edgar Ansell Mowrer, Berlin correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*, was forced to leave Germany because of his publication of *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, and that in spite of the protest of the Foreign Press Association in Berlin, of which Mowrer was president. Yet Mrs. Mowrer's reminiscences are not only concerned with the muzzling of correspondents in dictator states, though in the course of their duties she and her husband found themselves continually up against this form of oppression.

Since the war the Mowrers have found themselves in pretty nearly every trouble-spot in Europe, and since foreign correspondents and their doings have now of themselves become front-page news this book has deservedly made the headlines. As a record of events and dramatic happenings on the spot I find it every bit as absorbing and exciting as Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, and as a commentary on the march of events in Europe I find that it reaches more authentic conclusions than Mr. Gunther's popular *Inside Europe*.

If Mrs. Mowrer has a fault it is that she comes down too heavily on the side of her own convictions, but that may be excusable in the light of her own experiences. The book is unhappily titled. Edgar Ansell Mowrer knows more and has seen more than most foreign correspondents alive to-day, and those who would care to seek an inside meaning to some of the happenings in Europe at this moment will be well rewarded by his wife's most valuable record.

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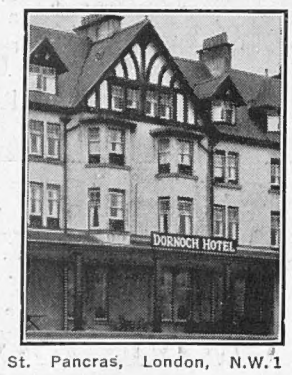

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford.—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Lodore Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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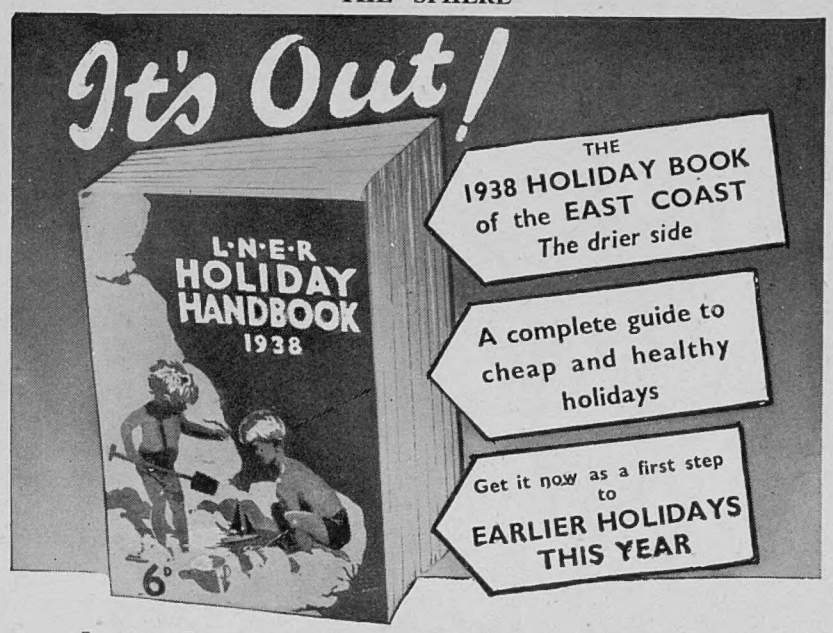

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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